THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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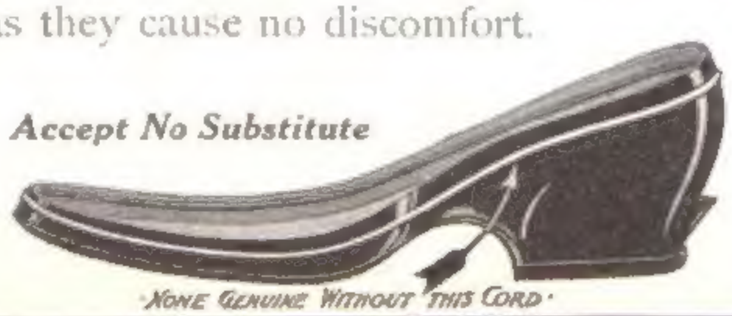

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British Army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

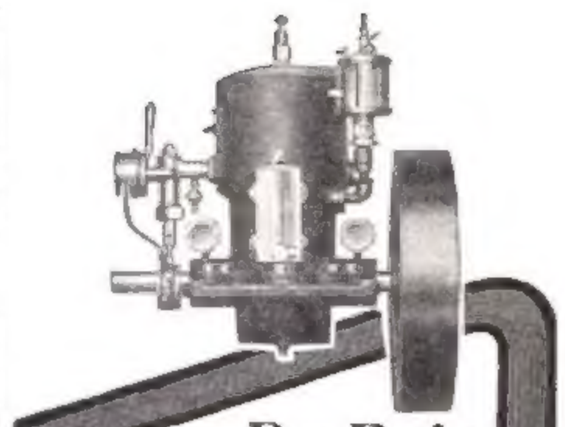
The Pay Envelope

A fairly large number of American citizens have reason to make a wry face when the word Prosperity flows glibly from the lips of the campaign orator. To the average salaried man prosperity means increased cost of living, with no commensurate increase in the bulk of the pay envelope. He has managed, so far, to pull through by cutting off the little luxuries that grew to be necessities; but if you can catch him in his frank moments he will tell you that the prospect of hard times isn't the bogey-man that he used to think it was.

In next week's issue Will Payne will tell about The Cost of Living, a subject that he has been investigating for this magazine.

The Old Oaken Bucket

Sing the old song as much as you like, advises Dr. Woods Hutchinson, but don't forget that the moss-covered bucket hangs in a well that is often full of typhoid germs. The fly that won't wipe its feet is another reason why we have 350,000 cases of typhoid every year in this enlightened and civilized country. The Story of Typhoid, that will appear in an early issue, is neither technical nor statistical; it is merely helpful. It shows what an awful price we pay for the lack of a little ordinary common-sense, and it points the way of escape.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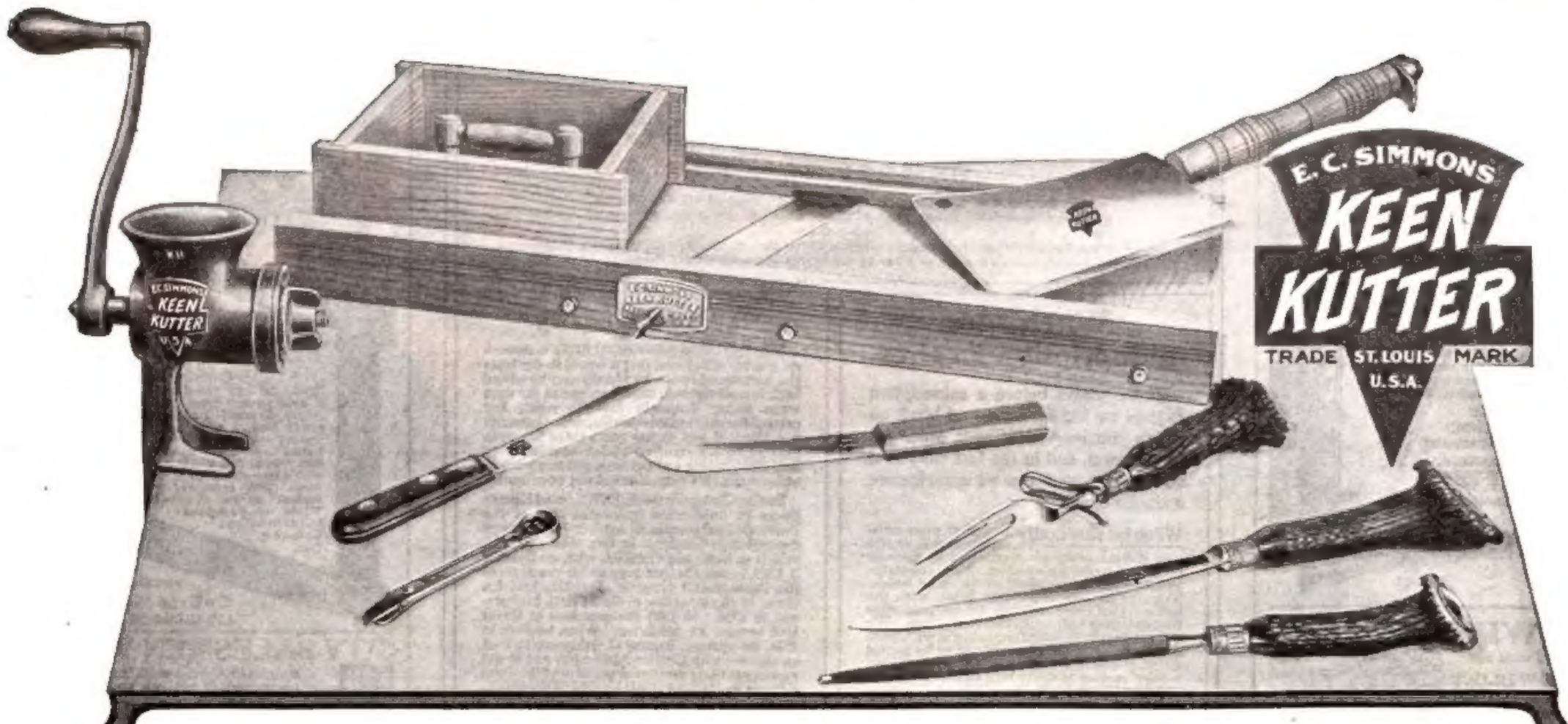

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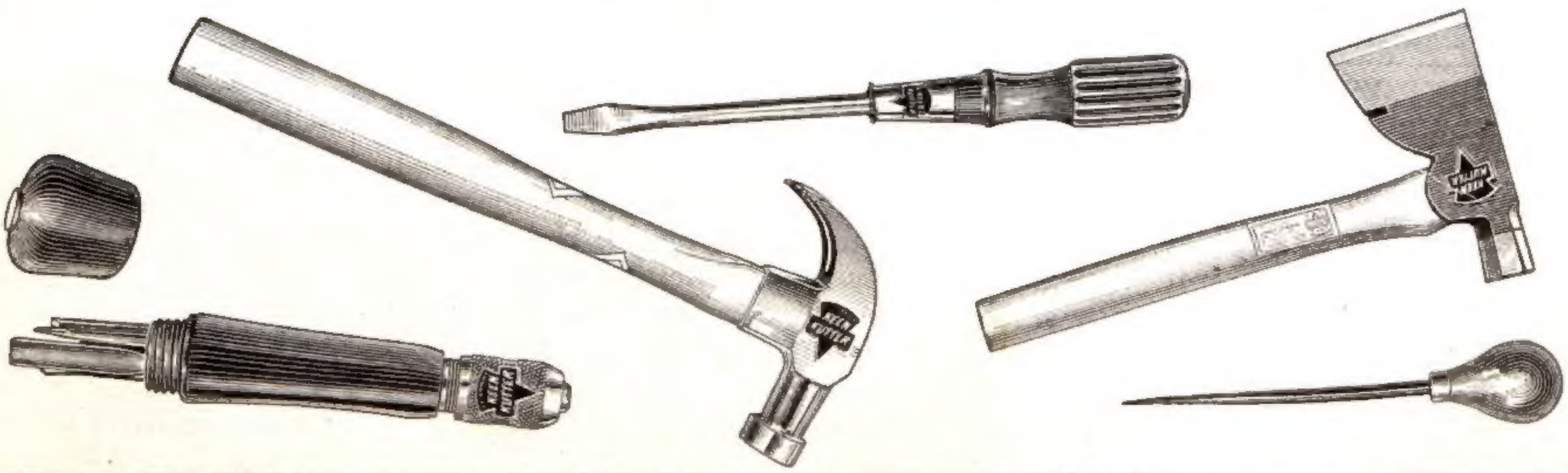

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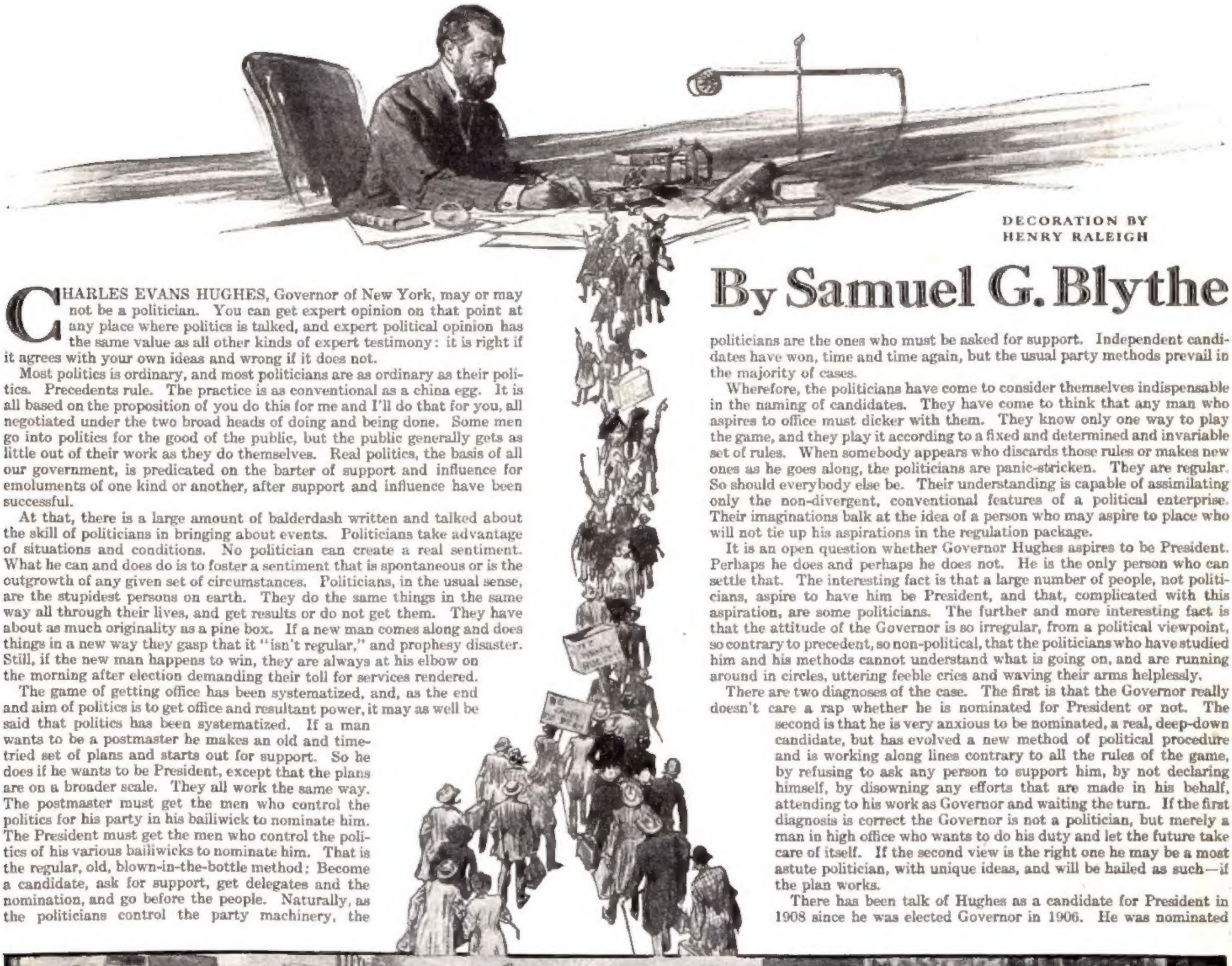
THE ANOMALOUS HUGHES



DECORATION BY HENRY RALEIGH

By Samuel G. Blythe

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, Governor of New York, may or may not be a politician. You can get expert opinion on that point at any place where politics is talked, and expert political opinion has the same value as all other kinds of expert testimony: it is right if it agrees with your own ideas and wrong if it does not.

Most politics is ordinary, and most politicians are as ordinary as their politics. Precedents rule. The practice is as conventional as a china egg. It is all based on the proposition of you do this for me and I'll do that for you, all negotiated under the two broad heads of doing and being done. Some men go into politics for the good of the public, but the public generally gets as little out of their work as they do themselves. Real politics, the basis of all our government, is predicated on the barter of support and influence for emoluments of one kind or another, after support and influence have been successful.

At that, there is a large amount of balderdash written and talked about the skill of politicians in bringing about events. Politicians take advantage of situations and conditions. No politician can create a real sentiment. What he can and does do is to foster a sentiment that is spontaneous or is the outgrowth of any given set of circumstances. Politicians, in the usual sense, are the stupidest persons on earth. They do the same things in the same way all through their lives, and get results or do not get them. They have about as much originality as a pine box. If a new man comes along and does things in a new way they gasp that it "isn't regular," and prophesy disaster. Still, if the new man happens to win, they are always at his elbow on the morning after election demanding their toll for services rendered.

The game of getting office has been systematized, and, as the end and aim of politics is to get office and resultant power, it may as well be said that politics has been systematized. If a man wants to be a postmaster he makes an old and time-tried set of plans and starts out for support. So he does if he wants to be President, except that the plans are on a broader scale. They all work the same way. The postmaster must get the men who control the politics for his party in his bailiwick to nominate him. The President must get the men who control the politics of his various bailiwicks to nominate him. That is the regular, old, blown-in-the-bottle method: Become a candidate, ask for support, get delegates and the nomination, and go before the people. Naturally, as the politicians control the party machinery, the politicians are the ones who must be asked for support. Independent candidates have won, time and time again, but the usual party methods prevail in the majority of cases.

Wherefore, the politicians have come to consider themselves indispensable in the naming of candidates. They have come to think that any man who aspires to office must dicker with them. They know only one way to play the game, and they play it according to a fixed and determined and invariable set of rules. When somebody appears who discards those rules or makes new ones as he goes along, the politicians are panic-stricken. They are regular. So should everybody else be. Their understanding is capable of assimilating only the non-divergent, conventional features of a political enterprise. Their imaginations balk at the idea of a person who may aspire to place who will not tie up his aspirations in the regulation package.

It is an open question whether Governor Hughes aspires to be President. Perhaps he does and perhaps he does not. He is the only person who can settle that. The interesting fact is that a large number of people, not politicians, aspire to have him be President, and that, complicated with this aspiration, are some politicians. The further and more interesting fact is that the attitude of the Governor is so irregular, from a political viewpoint, so contrary to precedent, so non-political, that the politicians who have studied him and his methods cannot understand what is going on, and are running around in circles, uttering feeble cries and waving their arms helplessly.

There are two diagnoses of the case. The first is that the Governor really doesn't care a rap whether he is nominated for President or not. The second is that he is very anxious to be nominated, a real, deep-down candidate, but has evolved a new method of political procedure and is working along lines contrary to all the rules of the game, by refusing to ask any person to support him, by not declaring himself, by disowning any efforts that are made in his behalf, attending to his work as Governor and waiting the turn. If the first diagnosis is correct the Governor is not a politician, but merely a man in high office who wants to do his duty and let the future take care of itself. If the second view is the right one he may be a most astute politician, with unique ideas, and will be hailed as such—if the plan works.

There has been talk of Hughes as a candidate for President in 1908 since he was elected Governor in 1906. He was nominated

for Governor because of his work as investigator of the insurance scandals, and his previous work in the gas investigations in New York, with some added reasons, as shall be explained. Before the gas investigations he was known as a bookish lawyer of not large acquaintance, much ability and no political experience. He made the regulation campaign for Governor after he was nominated at Saratoga. He traveled over the State, proved to be a good speaker and a good "mixer," and was elected, although the remainder of his associates on the State ticket were defeated.

It was not long after he was elected, before he took office, that the politicians discovered that Hughes held the opinion that his election was not due to any political influence he knew anything about. He gave it out that he considered himself free from all party obligations, as such, because he was not nominated because the party organization wanted him, but because the party leaders had to take him, and he was not elected because the party leaders made any strenuous efforts to elect him, but because the people wanted him and because William Randolph Hearst ran against him. He gave it out that he was a Republican in the broad sense, as defining his politics, but he refused to have any dealings with the organization. He deemed himself to be the People's Governor.

Naturally, the organization leaders were miffed. They knew it was true they had nominated under duress from the White House, and the returns showed they had done nothing to help elect him. Still, once he was elected, they claimed him and drew on him and were astonished to observe their drafts were returned marked "No funds." They had no deposits in the Hughes bank. Hughes has held this attitude during his first year as Governor. The Republican politicians of New York State are sore and sullen. They have not dared to say much openly, but their private conversation has been bitter and profane.

Giving the Sphinx Lessons in Silence

HUGHES put through most of the measures he wanted. He lost on the removal of Otto Kelsey, State Superintendent of Insurance, because Kelsey is a most popular man, and because the leaders selected Kelsey's retention as a way to "show him," meaning Hughes, that he was not the entire government of New York and that the Republican party had something to say about what was to be done.

After Taft had been launched as a candidate for President and the other booms began coming out, or were dragged out, and the talk about the candidate to succeed President Roosevelt was general, there was a growth of Hughes sentiment. This came from the people, not from the politicians, except as one, here or there, sought to get some advertising for himself on the strength of Hughes. The Hughes talk continued. It spread to other States. It was all about the same. "Why wouldn't this man Hughes make a good candidate for President?" was asked in the West and East when candidates were discussed.

The politicians had to take notice. They felt there was some sort of a popular movement for Hughes. So, being politicians, they tried to tie themselves up with Hughes. They went to him. He gave them no encouragement, said he was working the job of being Governor and that that was enough for him. Men who know what is going on in New England said Hughes was the man to nominate. Hughes said nothing. Word came from the West of the formation of Hughes clubs, and influential newspapers took up his name and considered his availability and qualifications. Hughes was silent. Men asked to be permitted to go out and secure delegations or do the work preliminary to securing delegates. Hughes refused to authorize any work in his own behalf.

"What kind of a candidate for President is this man?" they asked. There wasn't any very intelligent answer, but it was generally conceded that, if he is a candidate, he is an original and non-stereotyped kind. He denied he had engaged quarters at a Chicago hotel. He refused to go to Washington to a dinner held on the night of the second day's meeting of the Republican National Committee to decide on a date and place for the convention because he had no desire to appear in Washington at such a time for fear it might be thought he was a candidate. He had his private telephone taken out of the Executive Mansion at Albany. When he was asked if he would permit an indorsement for President by the Republican County Committee of New York, he said, in effect: "Really, it makes no difference to me. You have your duty and I have mine. If you think you should indorse me, go ahead. If not, it doesn't matter." He just stayed there at Albany and did his work.

People at Washington, where the Presidential campaign is about the only topic of conversation, tried to fathom the situation and could not. State Senator Alfred R. Page, of New York, came to Washington and posed a bit as a Hughes boomer. The old-timers there looked Page over and commented that, if Hughes was a candidate for President, he ought to come to Washington with stronger representation than Page could make. Page had no credentials. He could make no promises. He was just a desultory sort of advance agent, looking for some reading notices for Page, as far as could be discovered.

Other New York politicians came in and saw the President. They knew nothing. All they knew about Hughes was that he was at Albany, at work. Then the New York County Republican Committee held a meeting and a Hughes resolution, which was introduced, was held over.

"Great set-back to the Hughes boom!" yelled the politicians. "Where is the Hughes boom?" asked plain people, not politicians, and the politicians couldn't tell; for all there seemed to be of it was the talk among the people who do the voting in the Republican States that Hughes would be a good man for President. Certainly, Hughes wasn't trying to boom himself for President, so far as could be learned, and he wasn't giving aid or encouragement to anybody who was trying to boom him.

Early in the summer it was definitely announced from Washington that the President was opposed to Hughes as a candidate. This was not denied from the White House, although the announcements were not official, of course. Later, it was announced that the President's friends would oppose any plan to give Hughes the New York delegation to the Chicago Convention next June. That wasn't denied, either, and it was pretty well proved by the action of Herbert Parsons, the President's friend and chairman of the County Committee, in putting the Hughes resolution over. Story after story went out from Washington that the President was not and would not be for Hughes, and people in other parts of the country began to ask: "What is the trouble between Hughes and the President?"

The answer to that question throws an interesting sidelight on the present complicated situation. If the President's opposition to Hughes was based merely on the President's desire to have Taft nominated the condition would be most natural, for the President sincerely wants Taft chosen as his successor. Naturally, too, the President, being from New York, would like to deliver New York to Taft. The breach dates further back than the selection of Taft as the Administration candidate. It began almost as soon as Hughes was nominated, and has widened ever since. This is the story as it is generally understood in Washington:

The Republican leaders of New York had two candidates for Governor in New York in the summer of 1906. Some of them were for former Governor Frank S. Black, and some of them were for Lieutenant-Governor M. Linn Bruce. President Roosevelt wanted New York to go Republican that year, and he did not especially favor either Black or Bruce. He decided the man to win with was Hughes. He intimated as much to Mr. Hughes. Mr. Hughes made no response.

Convention time came, with the leaders at sea and a bitter fight in prospect. They did not want Hughes. That much was certain. A day or so before the convention was to be held in Saratoga, the President sent for William W. Cocks, who represents the First New York District in Congress, which is the President's own district. Cocks went to Washington, saw the President, went back to his home, Old Westbury, Long Island, and gave out an interview in which he said the President wanted Hughes nominated by the Republicans. As a matter of fact, the interview was given out in Washington, with an Old Westbury date on it, but it was officially given out at Old Westbury. That was on the eve of the convention.

Not in the Bright Lexicon of Hughes

THIS interview with Cocks, or statement, rather, of the President's desires, did not carry sufficient weight with the leaders. There was no apparent response. The President soon discovered this, and he then took personal charge. He told Herbert Parsons, the chairman of the New York County Republican Committee, a Representative in Congress and a close friend and ardent supporter of the President, that Hughes was the man to nominate. The President went further and said to Parsons that he wanted Hughes nominated, and to tell the leaders at Saratoga. Parsons told them. The other candidates were dropped and Hughes was nominated.

President Roosevelt thought he had done well by Hughes and by the party in New York. He expected to get a letter or a message from Hughes, thanking him for his efforts. Hughes sent neither letter nor message. He never admitted, publicly, that the President had anything to do with his nomination. The friends of the President congratulated Hughes. They left the way open for Hughes to send a few kind words of thanks to the White House. Apparently, Hughes had no kind words of thanks on hand, for he never sent any.

This surprised the President, but he let it pass, probably thinking Hughes was busy with his campaign. Hughes was elected. The President congratulated him. Perhaps he got a reply. Perhaps he did not. Whether he did or not, there certainly was no outpouring of the Hughes heart to the President. Hughes seemed to think the President was President, and he was going to be Governor, and that was all there was to it.

Hughes selected as his Superintendent of Public Works in New York, F. C. Stevens, who was formerly a State Senator in New York, and who owns a bank in Washington, and is in that city a good deal of his time. Stevens was the foe of James W. Wadsworth, and had aided Peter Porter to defeat Wadsworth for Congress. Wadsworth was on bad terms with the President because of the row over the beef investigation. On one of his trips to Washington Mr. Stevens saw the President. Nobody but the President and Stevens knows what was said, but the story in Washington is that the President thought Stevens came from Hughes as a personal representative and that the impression was gained at the White House that certain Federal officeholders in New York State were embarrassing Hughes in the reforms he wanted to institute.

The President was willing to help Hughes. He was willing to go into partnership with him, but he had an idea that the firm name should be Roosevelt and Hughes instead of Hughes and Roosevelt. Moreover, the President has no intention of becoming a moss-grown hermit after he leaves the Presidential office. New York is his State and he intends to retain control of New York—if he can. He is not delegating powers to Hughes or any other person, nor has he been.

The Letter that They Longed for Never Came

STILL, he was willing to help Hughes, and he told Stevens so. He inquired what Federal officeholders were perniciously active, and was told that one of the offenders was Archie D. Sanders, of Genesee County, and Collector of Internal Revenue for the Western District of New York. Sanders, it happened, had been for years one of Wadsworth's right-hand men and was appointed to his place by Wadsworth's influence. Here was a happy chance to help Hughes and lambaste Wadsworth again at one and the same time.

Sanders was told immediately that he might resign. He resigned. He sent a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury giving up the place whenever the Secretary of the Treasury thought he would better get out. That news created a good deal of excitement in New York State, and word came from Washington, from high sources, that the removal of Sanders was the first step by the President toward helping Governor Hughes in New York State, and was an approval of the Governor and his policies. Besides, it was the beginning of the Roosevelt-Hughes combination.

This was the psychological moment, it was thought at the White House, as Washington understands it, for Governor Hughes to acknowledge, in a few felicitous phrases, his indebtedness to the President for this aid and comfort. The acknowledgment was awaited with interest. It never came. Instead, the Albany correspondents of the New York papers sent stories that were printed as coming from "the highest possible quarters," that there was no possibility that Governor Hughes would discuss anything the President might do in the way of appointment or removal of Federal officeholders in New York, and had refused to talk about the removal of Sanders. Still, the correspondents stated, the Governor had not been consulted, in any way, by any one, in regard to the removal of Sanders, had made no recommendation of removal or suggestion of it, and was not interested in the appointment of Sanders' successor—all of which was stated on the "best possible authority."

This information was for the benefit of all concerned and, especially, for the President of the United States. Moreover, Governor Hughes, having assumed this attitude, did not deem it necessary to send any of the anxiously-awaited thanks and acknowledgments to the White House, and he sent none. The prospective firm of Roosevelt and Hughes never was formed. Also, the resignation of Archie D. Sanders, as Collector of Internal Revenue for the Western District of New York, was not accepted and has not been. It was carefully filed away by Secretary Cortelyou, and Sanders is still the collector, doing the work and getting the pay.

The President, so the story goes, expressed his opinion of what he termed the ingratitude of the Governor to several New York persons. It was not a complimentary opinion. Hughes still gave no sign. He has not given a sign from that time to this. He has gone along as Governor, and has not, apparently, been cognizant of the fact that there is such a building as the White House on the political map.

While all these things were going on the Hughes movement, if so nebulous a thing as general talk in various parts of the country about Hughes can be called a movement, was getting some headway. The availability of Hughes was quietly discussed by men of large affairs who work in the background in Presidential campaigns, but who have potent voices. He was analyzed and, possibly, approached and asked about his position on various matters.

So far as is known, Hughes has not, at this writing, made a statement of any kind that squarely places him in the field. His position is understood to be that he is Governor and that he intends to be the best Governor he knows how to be.

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SELLING A PATENT

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford Shows an Inventor Just How Brains May be Turned into Money

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I

A FUSSY little German, in very new-looking clothes which fitted almost like tailor-made, rushed back to the gates of the train-shed where the conductor stood with his eyes fixed intently on his watch, his left hand poised ready to raise.

"I left my umbrella," spluttered the passenger.

"No time," declared the autocrat, not gruffly or unkindly, but in a tone of virtuous devotion to duty.

The little German's eyes glared through his spectacles, his face puffed red, his gray mustache bristled.

"But it's my wife's umbrella!" he urged, as if that might make a difference.

The brass-buttoned slave to duty did not even smile. He raised his hand, and in a moment more the potent wave of his wrist would have sent Number Eighteen plunging on her westward way. In that moment, however, the Pullman conductor, waiting with him, clutched the blue arm of authority.

"Hold her a second," he advised, and with his thumb pointed far up the platform. "Here comes from a dollar up for everybody. He's rode with me before."

The captain of Eighteen gave a swift glance and was satisfied.

"Sure. I know him," he said of the newcomer; then he turned to the still desperately hopeful passenger and relented. "Run!" he directed briefly.

The gentleman who had secured for Carl Klug this boon, merely by an opportune arrival, was not hurrying. He was too large a man to hurry, so a depot porter was doing it for him. The porter plunged on in advance, springing heavily from one bent leg to the other, weighted down with a hat-box in one hand, a huge Gladstone bag in the other, and a suit-case under each arm. The perspiration was streaming down his face, but he was quite content. Behind him stalked J. Rufus Wallingford, carrying only a cane and gloves; but more, for him, would have seemed absurd, for when he moved the background seemed to advance with him, he was so broad of shoulder and of chest and of girth. Dignity radiated from his frame and carriage, good humor from his big face, wealth from every line and crease of his garments; and it was no matter for wonder that even the rigid schedule of Number Eighteen was glad to extend to this master of circumstances its small fraction of elasticity.

One of the Pullman porters from up the train caught a glimpse of his approach and came running back to snatch up two of the pieces of luggage. It did not matter to him whether the impressive gentleman was riding in his coach or not; he was anxious to help on mere general principles, and was even more so when the depot porter, dropping the luggage inside the gate, broke into glorious sunrise over the crinkling green certificate of merit that was handed him. The Pullman conductor only asked to what city the man was bound, then he too snatched up a suit-case and a bag and raced with the porter to take them on board, calling out as he ran the car into which the luggage must go. To Mr. Wallingford their activity gave profound satisfaction, and he paused to hand the conductor a counterpart to the huge black cigar he was then smoking. It had no band of any sort upon it, but the conductor judged the cigar by the man. It was not less than three for a dollar, he was sure.

"Pretty close figuring, old man," observed Mr. Wallingford cordially.

The conductor's smile, while gracious enough, was only fleeting, for this thing of being responsible for Eighteen was an anxious business, the gravity of which the traveling public should be taught to appreciate more.

"We're nearly a minute off now," he said, "and I've let myself in to wait for a Dutchman I let run out when I saw you coming. There he is. Third car up for you, sir," and he ran up to the steps of the second car himself.

The missing passenger came tearing through the gates just as Mr. Wallingford went up the car steps. The conductor held his hand aloft, and the engineer, looking back, impatiently clanged his bell. The porter picked up his stepping-box and jumped on after Mr. Wallingford, but he looked out to watch the little German racing with all his might up the platform, and did not withdraw his head until the belated one, all legs and arms, scrambled upon the train. Instantly the wheels began to revolve, both vestibule doors were closed with a slam, and a moment later Carl Klug, puffing and panting, dropped upon a seat in the smoking compartment, opposite to the calm J. Rufus Wallingford, without breath—and without his umbrella.

"*Schrecklich!*" he exploded when he could talk. "They are all thieves here. I leave my umbrella in the waiting-room five minutes, I go back and it is gone. Gone! And it was my wife's umbrella!"

Under ordinary circumstances Mr. Klug, whose thirty years of residence in America had not altogether destroyed certain old-country notions of caste, would not have ventured to address this lordly-looking stranger, but at present he was angry and simply must open the vials of his wrath to some one. He met with no repulse. Mr. Wallingford was not one to repulse strangers of even modest competence. He only laughed. A score of jovial wrinkles sprang about his half-closed eyes, and his pink face grew pinker.

"Right you are," he agreed. "When I'm in this town I keep everything I've got right in front of me, and if I want to look the other way I edge around on the other side of my grips."

Mr. Klug digested this idea for a moment, and then he, too, laughed, though not with the abandon of Mr. Wallingford. He could not so soon forget his wife's umbrella.

"It is so," he admitted. "I have been here three days, and every man I had any business with ought to be in *jail!*"

He was Too Large a Man to Hurry

A sudden thought as he came to this last word made Mr. Klug lay almost shrieking emphasis upon it and smack both fists upon his knees. He craned his head forward, his eyes glared through his spectacles, his cheeks puffed out and his mustache bristled. Mr. Wallingford surveyed him with careful appraisement. The clothing was ready-made, but it was a very good quality of its kind. The man's face was an intelligent one and told of careful, concentrated effort. His hands were lean and rough, the fingers were supple and the outer joints bent back, particularly those of the thumb, which described almost a half-circle. The insides of the fingers were seamed and crossed with countless little black lines. From all this the man was a mechanic, and a skilled one. Those fingers dealt deftly with small parts, and years of grimy oil had blackened those innumerable cuts and scratches.

"Did they sting you?" Mr. Wallingford inquired with a dawning interest that was more than courteous sympathy.

"I guess *not!*" snapped Mr. Klug triumphantly, and the other made quick note of the fact that the man was familiar with current slang. "I was too smart for them." Then, after a reflective pause, he added: "Maybe. They might steal my patent someway."

Patent! Mr. Wallingford's small, thick ears suddenly twitched forward.

"Been trying to sell one?" he asked, pausing with his cigar half-way to his mouth and waiting for the answer.

"Three hundred dollars they offer me!" exploded Mr. Klug, again smiting both fists on his knees. "Six years I worked on it in my little shop of nights to get up a machine that was different from all the rest and that would work right, and when I get it done and get my patent and take it to them, they already had a copy of my patent and showed it to me. They bought it from the Government for five cents, and called me the same as a thief and offered me three hundred dollars!"

Mr. Wallingford pondered seriously.

"You must have a good machine," he finally announced.

Mr. Klug thought that he was "being made fun of."

"It *is* a good machine. It's as good a machine as any they have got. There is no joke about it!"

"I'm not joking," Mr. Wallingford insisted. "Who are the people?"

Mr. Klug considered for a suspicious moment, but the appearance of this gentleman, the very embodiment of sterling worth, was most reassuring. Beneath that broad chest and behind that diamond scarfpin there could rest no duplicity. Moreover, Mr. Klug was still angry, and anger and discretion do not dwell together.

"The United Cash Register Company of New Jersey," he stated, rolling out the name with a roundness which betrayed how much in respect and even awe he held it.

"Is the Treasury Full, or are the Smart People in Power?"

Mr. Wallingford was now genuinely interested.

"Then you *have* a good patent," he repeated. "If they offered you three hundred dollars it is worth thousands, otherwise they would not buy it at any price. They have hundreds of patents now, and you have something that they have not covered."

"Four hundred and twelve patents they own," corrected Mr. Klug. "I have been over every one in the last six years, every little wire and bar and spring in them, and mine is a whole new machine, like nothing they have got. They have got one man that does nothing else but look after these patents. You know what he said? 'Yes, you have worked six years for a chance to hold us up. But we're used to it. It happens to us every day. If you think you can manufacture your machine and make any money, go at it.' He told me that!"

Mr. Wallingford nodded comprehendingly.

"Of course," he agreed. "They have either fought out or bought out everybody who ever poked their nose into the business. They had to. I know all about them. If you have a clean invention you were foolish to go to them with it in the first place. They'd only offer you the cost of the first lawsuit they're bound to bring against you. That's no way to sell a patent. Inventors all die poor for that very reason. The thing for you to do is to start manufacturing, and make them come to you. Throw a scare into them."

Mr. Klug was frightened by the very suggestion.

"Jiminy, no!" he protested, shaking his head vigorously. "I got no big money like that. I'd lose every cent and all my little property."

"It don't take so much money, if you use it right," insisted Wallingford. "Use as little capital as you can for manufacturing, and save the most of it for litigation. I'll bet I could sell your patent for you." He pondered a while with slowly kindling eyes, and smiled out of the window at the rushing landscape. "I tell you what you do. Get up a company and I'll buy some stock in it myself."

"Humbug with that stock business!" Mr. Klug exclaimed with explosive violence, his mustache bristling now until it stuck straight out. "I would not get up any such a business with stock in it. I had all the stock I want, and I never buy nor sell any any more. I got some I'll give away."

Mr. Wallingford smiled introspectively.

"Oh, well, form a partnership, then. You have four or five friends who could put up five thousand apiece, haven't you?"

Mr. Klug was quite confidently certain of that.

"I am president of the Germania Building Loan Association," he announced with pardonable pride.

"Then of course you can control money," agreed the other in a tone which conveyed a thoroughly proper appreciation of Mr. Klug's standing. "I'll invest as much as anybody else, and you put in your patent for a half interest. We'll start manufacturing right away, and if your machine's right, as it must be if they offer to buy the patent at all, I'll make the United people kneel down and coax us to take their money. There are ways to do it."

"The machine is all right," declared Mr. Klug. "Wait; I'll show it to you."

He hurried out to his seat, where reposed a huge box like a typewriter case, but larger. He lugged this back toward the smoker, into which other passengers were now lounging, but on the way Mr. Wallingford met him.

"Let's go in here, instead," said the latter, and opened the door into the drawing-room.

It was the first time Mr. Klug had ever been in one of these compartments, and the sense of exclusiveness it aroused fairly reeked of money. The dreams of wealth that had been so rudely shattered sprang once more into life as the inventor opened the case and explained his device to this luxury-affording stranger, who, as a display of their tickets had brought out, was bound for his own city. It was a pneumatic machine, each key actuating a piston which flashed the numbered tickets noiselessly into view. It was perfect in every particular, and Mr. Wallingford examined it with an intelligent scrutiny which raised him still further in Mr. Klug's estimation; but as he compared patent drawings and machine, intent apparently only upon the mechanism, his busy mind was ranging far and wide over many other matters, bringing tangled threads of planning together here and there, and knotting them firmly.

"Good," said he at last. "As I said, I'll buy into your company. Get your friends together right away and manufacture this machine. I'll guarantee to get a proper price for your patent."

II

THE hotel at which Mr. Wallingford had elected to stop was only four blocks from the depot, but he rode there in a cab, and, having grandly emerged after a soul-warming handshake with Mr. Klug, paid liberally to have his friend the inventor taken to his destination. His next step, after being shown to one of the best suites in the house, was to telephone for a certain lawyer whose address he carried in his notebook, and then to make himself luxuriantly comfortable after the manner of his kind.

When the lawyer arrived, he found Mr. Wallingford, in lounging jacket and slippers and in fresh linen, enjoying an appetizer of Roquefort and champagne by way of resting from the fatigue of his journey. He was a brisk young man, was the lawyer, with his keen eyes set so close together that one praised Nature's care in having inserted such a thin, sharp wedge of nose to keep them apart. He cast a somewhat lingering glance at the champagne as he sat down, but he steadfastly refused Mr. Wallingford's proffer of a share in it.

"He is a Skinner, Maybe; Anyhow, if There's Money to be Made We Should Keep it at Home"

"Not in business hours," he said, with over-disdain of such weak indulgence. "In the evening some time, possibly," and he bowed his head with a thin-lipped smile to complete the sentence.

"All right," acquiesced J. Rufus; "maybe you will smoke then," and he pointed to cigars.

One of them Mr. Maylie took, and Mr. Wallingford was silent until he had lit it.

"How is this town?" he then asked. "Is the treasury full, or are the smart people in power?"

The young man laughed, and, with a complete change of manner, drew his chair up to the table with a jerk.

"Say; you're all right!" he admiringly exclaimed, and—shoved forward the extra glass. "They're in debt here up to their ears."

"Then they'd rather have the bail than the man," Mr. Wallingford guessed, as he performed the part of host with a practiced hand.

"Which would you rather have?" asked Maylie, pausing with the glass drawn half-way toward him.

"The man."

"Then everybody's satisfied," announced the lawyer. "If the authorities once get hold of that five thousand dollars cash bail and the man leaves town, they'll post police at every train to warn him away if he ever comes back."

"That's what I thought when I looked at the streets. You can even get the bond reduced."

"I don't know," replied the other, shaking his head doubtfully. "I've tried it."

"But you didn't go to them with the cash in your hand," Wallingford smilingly reminded him, and from an envelope in his inside vest pocket he produced a bundle of large bills. "This is a purchase, understand, and it's worth while to do a little dickering. Hurry, and bring the goods back with you."

"Watch me," said Mr. Maylie, taking the money with alacrity, but before he went out he hastily swallowed another glass of wine.

He was gone about an hour, during which his distinguished client was absorbed in drawing sketch after sketch upon nice, clean sheets of hotel stationery; and every sketch bore a strong resemblance to some part of Mr. Klug's pneumatic cash register device. Mr. Wallingford was very busy indeed over the problem of selling Mr. Klug's patent.

"Come in," he called heartily in answer to a knock at the door.

It opened and the voice of Mr. Maylie announced: "Here's the goods, all right." And he ushered in a tall, woebegone gentleman, who, except for the untidy black mustache and hair, and the startlingly wrinkled and rusty black frock suit, bore strong resemblance to a certain expert collector and disseminator of foolish money—one "Blackie" Daw!

Mr. Wallingford, who, in his creative enthusiasm, had shed his lounging coat and waistcoat, and had even rolled up his shirt-sleeves, lay back in his chair and laughed until he shook like a bowl of jelly. Mr. Daw, erstwhile the dapper Mr. Daw, had gloomily advanced to shake hands, but now suddenly burst forth in a volley of language so fervid that Mr. Maylie hastily closed the door. His large friend, with the tears streaming down his face, thereupon laughed all the more, but he managed to call attention to a frost-covered silver pail which awaited this moment, and while Mr. Daw pounced upon this solace, Mr. Maylie, smiling unobtrusively as one who must enjoy a joke from the outside, proceeded to business.

"I got him for four thousand," he informed Mr. Wallingford, and laid down a five-hundred-dollar bill. The remainder, in hundreds, he counted off one at a time, more slowly with each one, and when there were but two left in his hand Mr. Wallingford picked up the others and stuffed them in his pocket.

"That will about square us, I guess," he observed.

"Certainly; and thank you. Now, if there's anything else ——"

"Not a thing—just now."

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Maylie with a glance at the enticing hollow-stemmed glasses; but it was quite evident that this was a private bottle, and he edged himself out of the door, disappearing with much the effect of a sharp knife-blade being closed back into its handle.

Mr. Daw had tossed three bumpers of the champagne down his throat without stopping to taste them, and without setting down the bottle. Now he poured one for Mr. Wallingford.

"Laugh, confound you; laugh!" he snarled. "Maybe I look like the original comic supplement, but I don't feel like a joke. Think of it, J. Rufus! Four days in an infernal cement tomb, with exactly seventeen iron bars in front of me! I counted them twenty hours a day, and I know. Seven-teen!"

He glanced down over his creased and wrinkled and rusty clothing with a shudder, and suddenly began to tear them off, not stopping until he had divested himself of coat, vest and trousers, which he flung upon a chair. Then he rushed to the telephone, ridiculously gaunt in his unsheathed state, and ordered a valet and a barber.

"Give me one of those hundreds, Jim, quick! I want it in my hand. Maybe I'll believe it's real money after while."

Mr. Wallingford chuckled again as he passed over one of the crisp bills. "Cheer up, Blackie," he admonished his friend. "See how calm I am. Have a smoke."

Mr. Daw seized eagerly upon one of the cigars that were proffered him; but he was still too much perturbed to sit down, and stalked violently about the room like a huge pair of white tongs.

"I notice you turn every seven feet," observed Wallingford with a grin. "That must have been the size of your cell. Well, you never know your luck. Why, out here, Blackie, your occupation is called swindling, and it's a wonder they didn't hang you. You see, in these harvest-festival towns there's not a yap over twenty-five who hasn't been fanged on a fake gold mine or something of the sort, and when twelve of these born boobs get a happy chance at a vaselined gold-brick artist like you, nothing will suit them but a verdict of murder in the first degree."

Mr. Daw merely swore. The events of the past four days had dampened him so that he was utterly incapable of defense. There was a knock at the door. In view of his *déshabillé* the lank one retreated to the other room, but when the caller proved to be only the valet, he came prancing out with his clothes upon his arm. "I want these back in half an hour," he demanded, "and have this bill changed into money I can understand. I feel better already," he added when the valet had gone. "I've ordered somebody to do something, and he stood for it."

Wallingford brought from his closet a bathrobe in which Mr. Daw could wrap himself two or three times, and continued his lecture.

"It's too bad you don't understand your profession," he went on, still amused. "Sometimes I think I'll buy you another acre of Arizona sand and start a new mining company with you, just to show you how the stock can be sold safely and legally."

For the first time Mr. Daw was able to grin.

"Who's that clattering down the street?" he exclaimed with fine dramatic effect. "Why, it's *me!* Notice how my coat-tails snap as I top yon distant hill. See how pale my face as I turn to see if I am still pursued. Oh, no, J. Rufus. We've been friends too long. I'd hate to think of us losing sleep every night, trying to figure how to give each other the double cross."

"I got you at a bargain just now, and I ought to be able to sell you cheap," retorted the other. "By the way, it's a mighty lucky thing for you that Fannie had some money soaked away from that insurance deal of mine. I had to all but use a club to get it, too. She don't think very much of you. She thinks you might lead me astray some time."

"*Can* limburger smell worse?" growled Mr. Daw, but there he stopped. Four days in jail had taken a lot of his gift of repartee away. When barber and bootblack and valet had restored him to his well-groomed ministerial aspect, however, his saturnine sense of humor came back and he was able to enjoy the elaborate midday lunch which his host had served in the room.

"Amuse yourself, Blackie," invited Wallingford after lunch. "Get orey-eyed if you want to, and don't mind me, for I'm laying the wires to locate here."

"Don't!" advised his friend. "This is a poison town. Every dollar has a tag on it, and if you touch one they examine the thumb-marks and pinch you."

"Not me! My legitimate methods will excite both awe and admiration." And he set to work again.

Not caring to show himself in daylight, Mr. Daw read papers and took naps and drank and smoked until his midnight train; but, no matter what he did, Mr. Wallingford sat steadily at the little desk, sketching, sketching, sketching. Along about closing time he went down to make friends with the bartender, and before he went to bed he had secured an unused "convention" cash register for leisurely study and comparison in his room.

III

IN MR. CARL KLUG'S clean little model-making shop at the outskirts of the town, an interested group gathered about the pneumatic cash registering machine. On a bench lay the patent—a real United States Government patent with a seal and a ribbon on it!

"Different from all the four hundred and twelve patents, every place!" reiterated Mr. Klug, just a shade pompously.

"So-o-o-o!" commented big Otto Schmitt, the market gardener, as he pushed down the dollar key and then the forty-five-cent key with a huge, earth-brown finger that spread out on the end like a flat club. "And how much does it cost to make it?"

"Not twenty-five dollars apiece," claimed Carl; "and the United Cash Register Company sells them for two and three hundred dollars. We can sell these for one hundred, and when we get a good business they must buy us out or we take all their trade away from them. That's the way to sell a patent. Because they don't do this way is why inventors never get rich."

"Sure!" agreed Henry Vogel, the lean, rawboned carpenter. "When they buy us out, that's where we make our money."

"Sure!" echoed Carl, and the three of them laughed. It was such a pleasant idea that they would be able to wrest some of its hoarded thousands from a big monopoly.

"It is a good business," went on Carl. "When I showed this machine to this Mr. Wallingford I told you about, he said right away, he would come in. He is one of these Eastern money fellows, and they are all smart men."

Over in the corner sat Jens Jensen, with a hundred shrewd wrinkles in his face and a fringe of wiry beard around his chin from ear to ear. Up to now he had not said a word. He was a next-door neighbor to Carl, and he had seen the great patent over and over.

"It is foolishness," declared Jens. "He is a skinner, maybe; and, anyhow, if there's money to be made we should keep it at home."

Big Otto Schmitt pushed down the two-dollar key. The dollar ticket and the forty-five-cent ticket disappeared, the two-dollar ticket came up with a click, the drawer popped open and a little bell rang. It was wonderful.

"I say it too," agreed Otto. His face was broad and hard as granite, his cheekbones were enormous and the skin over them was purple.

The four men were near the front windows of the shop. A cab at that moment whirled up to the door. It was a new-looking cab, its woodwork polished like a piano, the glass in it beveled plate. The driver sprang down and opened the door. Out of that small opening stepped huge Mr. Wallingford, resplendent in a new suit of brown checks, and wearing a brown Derby, brown shoes and brown silk hose, all of the exact shade to match, while from his coat pocket peeped the fingers of brown gloves.

"That's him," said Carl.

"I knew it," said Jens Jensen. "He is a skinner."

Nothing could exceed the affability of Mr. Wallingford. He shook hands with Mr. Klug, with Mr. Schmitt, with Mr. Vogel, with Mr. Jensen; he smiled upon them in turns; he made each one of them feel that never in all his life had he been afforded a keener delight than in this meeting.

"You have a fine little shop, Mr. Klug," he said, looking about him with an air of pleased surprise. "There is room right here to manufacture enough machines to scare the United Cash Register Company into fits. Gentlemen, if no one else cares for a share in Mr. Klug's splendid invention, I am quite willing to back him myself with all the capital he needs."

This was an exceptionally generous offer on Mr. Wallingford's part, particularly as the six hundred dollars he had in his pocket was all the capital he controlled in the world. In justice to him, however, it must be said that he expected to have more money—shortly. The prospects seemed good. They looked him over. Twenty-five thousand, fifty thousand, a hundred thousand dollars; it was easy to see that the gentleman could supply any or all of these sums at a moment's notice.

"No!" said Jens Jensen, voicing the suddenly eager sentiment of all. "We're all going in it, and another man."

"Two other men," corrected Carl. "Doctor Feldmeyer and Emil Kessler."

Otto Schmitt shook his head dubiously.

"Emil owes on his building loan," he observed.

"Emil's coming in," firmly repeated Carl Klug. "He is a friend of mine. I will lend him the money and he pays me when we sell out."

Mr. Wallingford glanced out of the window at the shining cab and smiled. With business people like these he felt that he could get on.

"When, then, do we form the partnership?" he asked.

Considering Himself Very Much a Ladies' Man, He Exerted Himself to be Agreeable

"To-morrow!" Jens promptly informed him. "We all put in what money we want to, and we take out according to what we put in."

Jens, who had condemned Mr. Wallingford at sight as a "skinner," now kept as close to him as possible, and beamed up at him all the time; one cordial handshake from the man of millions had won him over.

"Carl," he suggested, "you must take Mr. Wallingford over to the cellar."

"Oh, we'll all go there," said big Otto Schmitt, and they all laughed, Carl more than any of them.

"Come on," he said.

Right at the side of the shop stood Mr. Klug's brick house, in the midst of a big garden that was painfully orderly. Every tree was whitewashed to exactly the same height, and everything else that could be whitewashed glared like new-fallen snow. The walks were scrubbed until they were as red as bricks could be made, and all in between was velvet-green grass. There were flowers everywhere, and climbing vines were matted upon the porch trellises and against the entire front of the house. In the rear garden could be seen all sorts of kitchen vegetables in neat rows and beds.

Down into the front basement the five men crowded and sat on rough wooden benches. Jens Jensen hastened to spread a clean newspaper on the bench where Mr. Wallingford was to sit.

Carl disappeared into another part of the cellar and presently came out again with a big jug and five glasses, all of different shapes and sizes. Out of the jug he poured his best home-made wine, and they settled down for a jovial half-hour, in which they admitted the guest of honor to full fellowship.

"You must come over to church to-night," Jens Jensen insisted as they came away. "We have a raffle and Doctor Feldmeyer will be there. He is a swell. He will be glad to know you. There will be plenty to eat and drink. See, you can see the church from here," and he pointed out its tall spire.

Mr. Wallingford shook hands with Mr. Jensen impulsively.

"I'll be *there!*" he declared with enthusiasm.

When he had gone, Carl Klug asked:

"Well, what do you think of him?"

"He is a swell," said Jens, and no voice dissented.

IV

AT A TOTAL cost of twenty-five dollars, Mr. Wallingford made himself a Prince of the Blood at the church raffle that night, throwing down bills and refusing all change, winning prizes and turning them back to be raffled over again, treating all the youngsters to endless grabs in the "fish-pond"; and Jens Jensen proudly introduced him to everybody, beginning with the minister and Emil Kessler, a thin, white-faced man with a high brow who looked like a university professor and was a shoemaker, and ending with Doctor Feldmeyer, who came late.

Wallingford's eyes brightened when he saw this gentleman. He was more or less of a dandy, was the doctor, and had great polish and suavity of manner. He had not been with Mr. Wallingford five minutes until he was talking of Europe. Mr. Wallingford had also been to Europe. The Doctor was very keen on books, on music, on art, on all the refinements of life, also he was very much of a ladies' man, he delicately insinuated, and not one expression of his face was lost upon the Eastern capitalist. It transpired that the Doctor was living at Mr. Wallingford's hotel, and they went home together that night, leaving behind them the ineffaceable impression that the rich Mr. Wallingford was an invaluable acquisition to Mr. Klug and his friends, to the community, to the city, to any portion of the globe which he might grace with his presence.

When the invaluable acquisition was left alone in his rooms he penned a long letter to his wife.

"My dear Fannie," he wrote, "come right away. I have in sight the biggest stake I have made yet, in a clean, legitimate deal; and I need your smiling countenance in my business."

He meant more by that than he would have dared to tell her, but he laughed and mused on Doctor Feldmeyer as he sealed the letter; then he sent it out to be mailed and turned his earnest attention to the inside of his cash register. This time he found the one little point for which he had been looking: the thing that he knew must be there.

The next morning, bright and early, he drove out to Mr. Klug's shop.

"Mr. Klug, you are in bad," he said with portentous gravity. "Look here." And he pointed out the long, spring-actuated bar which kept all the tickets from dropping back when they sprang up, and released them as others were shot into place. "This is an infringement of the United Cash Register Company's machine," he declared.

"Nothing like it!" indignantly denied the inventor, bristling and reddening and puffing his cheeks.

"The identical device is in every machine they manufacture;" insisted Wallingford; "and I would bet you all you expect to make that before you're on the market two days

(Continued on Page 31)

Playbills of the Panic Season

Full Houses for Dramatic Art in Spite of Premium Currency

By JOHN CORBIN

WHEN the New York theatrical managers lose money somebody is always to blame, and, by a curious coincidence, that somebody is never the manager. Last year it was the metropolitan critics. Those pampered beings are given aisle seats free of charge by a wholly disinterested box-office, and have requited hospitality by writing, not to help along the play, but to amuse their readers. With criminal intent, they have killed many a farce by being funnier than it was. Murderers' Row is what men of the theatre call those free aisle seats.

The cry went forth that Broadway was played out as a producing centre. Chicago was different. When a new play was produced there, as, for example, The Squaw Man, or The New York Idea, it was hailed as the greatest of American dramas. When Mansfield produced Julius Cæsar or Peer Gynt, the critics went up into the air in awed and mystical reverence, so that quite naturally the public flocked to see what they had been writing about. The Broadway of the future, it was darkly intimated, would lie in the centre of critical appreciation at the corner of Dearborn and Randolph Streets.

Billie Burke

A New Yorker, lately discussing the situation with one of the foremost Chicago critics, pleaded that it was only natural if the metropolitan first-nighters became hardened. It is their lugubrious duty to assist at the birth of many a misbegotten child of the footlights, and to consign it to the potter's field of the drama. Is it altogether their fault if, in the hope of enlivening themselves and their readers, they sometimes turn the funeral into a wake? The country owes them a real debt of gratitude, for it is they who see to it that only the best plays go on the road.

The Chicagoan was lost for a moment in a new idea. "If the plays New York sends us are its best," he said at last, "let us pray that Broadway will stay where it is." And in spite of portentous threats the producing centre is still in the yellow glare of the flaming arc light, which is euphemistically called the Great White Way.

Infant Mortality in the Drama

THIS year hard times have added to infant mortality in the drama. In rapid succession pieces by promising new playwrights, such as the authors of The Prince Chap, The Three of Us and The Squaw Man, breathed their last breath shortly after their first. Old stagers like George Ade, Charles Klein, Augustus Thomas, and even Henry Arthur Jones, saw their young hopefuls perish. "I'm going to make no more productions this season," one manager announced. "My storage warehouse is full."

Somebody is still to blame. Bronson Howard, the dean of our dramatists, who keeps an eye of kindly criticism on the playhouse, rebukes our young playwrights for writing to please themselves rather than their audiences. Under the Continental influence of Ibsen and Sudermann and Maeterlinck, he says, they have been false to the genius of the English theatre. Instead of action, they give us ideas; instead of romance, realism. "I believe that the basic thought for every play for English audiences should be love. The love of a youth for a maiden may never be so potent or so compelling as the riper love; but it is the best elementary passion."

There you have it! The way to provide "original plays" and "theatrical novelties" is to do only what has always been done. Because young love is commercially the most profitable, away with everything else, even life at its most potent and compelling. The facts which the season has thus far disclosed do not bear out this ruling.

In spite of the premium on ready money, no less than five plays in New York are nightly crowding the house. The number of substantial successes is considerable. And the critics have shown, what ought long ago to have been obvious, that they are eager to welcome anything genuinely powerful and new. They prefer real joy to the liveliest wake. Even in the case of plays that even a manager should have known to be hopeless, they have sometimes checked hilarity to point out elements of interest and promise. And of the most successful plays, by the way, not one centres in the love of a youth for a maid. One of them—as it seems to me, the most deeply inspiring play our stage has yet produced, with a single exception—centres in that bad Continental habit, an idea.

The first, and as yet the greatest, of the New York successes is a French play, The Thief, by Henry Bernstein, which has crowded the theatre since the very beginning of the season. It does not sin overmuch in the matter of ideas. If it has any theme it is this, that to women dress is a very serious matter—that to appear well in society, even to retain the admiration and affection of a husband, a woman will go to very great lengths. All the world and his wife are going to see the play, but it is the latter who takes it most seriously as a problem play. And to her the problem is frequently how to loosen her husband's wad. The real power of the play consists in the skill with which it is constructed and written, the result being an evening of intense dramatic suspense, which gives scope for an actress to sound the whole gamut of feminine moods and emotions. It is a puzzle play rather than a problem play, and the puzzle is to find which of the characters is the thief. By skillful construction and character-drawing the audience is kept long in doubt, and when the unexpected truth is divulged the scenes to which it gives rise are very deeply, if not momentously, human and appealing. There was never a better example for the English playwright of brilliant dramatic technique.

The acting, with two exceptions, can only be called painfully inadequate. As the heroine, Miss Margaret Illington has a task that would try the powers of the most capable and experienced. She has, however, in addition to her good looks, youth, intelligence and, most of all, deep sincerity. Her performance has steadily improved, until it has become—much abused phrase—really adequate. As her husband, Mr. Kyrle Bellew gives perhaps the smoothest and most natural performance of his career.

The old themes have not been neglected, and, when handled with skill, are no less effective than ever. John Drew's vehicle, My Wife, brings him before the public as a man who, for certain legal purposes, marries a young woman in form only, and ends by falling in love with his wife. In the French original of the play it is said, propriety was somewhat unduly pinked, but the English adaptors have changed all that without removing much of the Gallic salt. Mr. Drew's adventures are sprightly and piquant, and though, as the action progresses, they become highly unreal, they have a farcical tinge that—for those who wisely refrain from training the canons of high art against an unpretentious offering—redeems them.

As frequently happens in such cases, the success of the play, which has been considerable, is mainly due to the acting. Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk, whose thorough equipment and fine artistic feeling were wasted last year in half a dozen or more new pieces that failed, has come into his own again. The leading lady, Miss Billie Burke, is a recent recruit from vaudeville, and requires some indulgence on the score of acting. But her gowns and her good looks, most of all the sympathetic good humor and witching deviltry of her personality, secure for her more than the necessary indulgence. Husbands adore her unchecked while their wives adore her gowns. Mr. Drew has had better plays and better parts, but he is an able comedian as always, and is successful as ever in suggesting the distinguished man of the world and the crisp, breezy, and wholly lovable good fellow.

When Knights Were Bold, Francis Wilson's new offering, of English origin, harks back no further than to last season's novelty, The Road to Yesterday; but, in the paradoxical world of the footlights, that only makes it several decades more ancient. Instead of dreaming himself into the sixteenth century, Mr. Wilson dreams into the twelfth, and his dream is caused, not by Welsh rabbit, but by hot Scotch taken for a cold. So far the odds are even. But the elder American play, as it happens, is very keenly satirical of the historical novel and portrays "the spacious days of Elizabeth" with a finely humorous sense of their squalor and brutality. The later play is at best mildly satirical of ancestor worship, and speedily runs into familiar veins of farce.

Laughable, Lovable, Little Sir Guy

MR. WILSON'S efforts to live down his comic opera past are hampered by those knees of his, which, though unbared, still pursue their joyous career over the parlor furniture. Thanks to them, however, and to his droll and sympathetic personality, the result is a popular success. This little Sir Guy, though a degenerate scion of a noble race, is the adored and the adorer of a bevy of small cousins in pigtails. And beneath his amiable foolishness he has plenty of spirit. "If you don't look out," he says to his huge rival in love, who bullies him, "I'll climb up on your chest and slap your face!" When the two meet in mortal combat with broadswords, back in the twelfth century, he drops his weapon and, resorting to the methods of the no less degenerate Marquis of Queensberry, deals the fatal blow with his mailed fist. You will laugh at this Sir Guy, but you will laugh with him, too, and more than a little love him. The actors are few who can make you do all that.

Action and romance have not been without their votaries. In The Round-Up, Mr. Edmund Day keeps the pot boiling over. Apparently it was his high aim to ascend the loftiest peak of Western melodrama, and in certain respects he has succeeded brilliantly. The play lacks something of the picturesque character and the rich passion of Salomy Jane; its story is neither simple nor well knit. But the "great scene" (and in the drama of action what is more important?) has set a new mark.

The third act takes you to the Arizona desert, high up into a little amphitheatre among the painted cliffs of the great Colorado Plateau. The rocks about the amphitheatre are incandescent with scarlet and crimson. The sky burns pink and violet. Two genii rule the place—silence and thirst. There is a prophecy, too, of blood. At the rise of the curtain, when the eye has ceased to narrow against the arid light and color, an Indian horseman is seen high up on a ledge to the right, his war-paint dulled

Charlotte Walker

almost to sobriety by the hectic contrast. Slowly his horse climbs down the spiral path. Another horseman follows, and another—a whole band of Apache warriors. Turning off the scene to the right they appear again on the level of the amphitheatre and, still climbing downward, are lost in the splendid silence.

From the other side a white man appears, a prospector dying of thirst. Tricked by Fate of the woman who, two years ago, had promised to marry him, he has come to the desert to find gold—or death. As he sinks in a delirium the hero enters. He has married the heroine; but, realizing the wrong he has done, he has come to offer restitution to her former lover, though, in doing so, he has made himself an outlaw.

In a dramatic scene the fevered prospector offers fight; but before the fatal blow is struck the report of an Indian rifle is heard from below, and the bullet, wounding the prospector, strikes the crumbling cliff and throws out a jet of powdered rock. The white men unite in self-defense. The Indian bullets come thick and fast, throwing out puff after puff of dust. With a loud cry the sheriff and his posse rush upon the scene. They had come for the outlaw, but a common danger unites them against the red men.

Realistic Blood-and-Thunder Fight

THE Indians charge desperately, surrounding the amphitheatre and pouring in a deadly fire from crag and cliff. One Indian, about to kill the hero, is himself shot, and hangs from the cliff head downward through the rest of the scene. The struggle of the white men is terrific; but the end is not yet. On rushes a party of regulars, sent out against the Apaches. The din of battle redoubles, and the dead lie thick; but victory rests with the white men.

For some strange reason women, who fight shy of a play with a single gunshot, witness this belching of fire and thunder with no more than a dramatic thrill. Certainly it is not because the scene lacks actuality. When, in the following *entr'acte*, the orchestra plays The Star-Spangled Banner, a Broadway audience rises reverently to its feet.

Olive Wyndham

The fact of the matter seems to be that our playwrights have torn a leaf from the book of David Belasco. Three years ago they would have made such a scene so much painted canvas, lighted by electricity, but in no wise illumined by it. But they have seen the enchantment wrought by the effects of varied and harmonious color, of aërial perspective and unbounded space, which he has achieved on his little thirty-foot stage. Something of the true Belasco effect The Round-up lacks.

Toward the climax the action becomes so hurried as to be in a measure jumbled, and the belching of Winchesters at the close suggests an effort to achieve noise rather than an accurate aim. These may appear small points, but, if artistic stagecraft stands for anything, it is for truth in significant details, however small.

While others have been stealing Mr. Belasco's thunder, he has put aside the bolts of Jupiter and taken up with the humbler gods of domestic drama. The time was when doubtful emotions shrieked through his gorgeous settings. If, as sometimes happened, his heroine was virtuous, the cellar of the house you found her in was a torture chamber à la Tosca, out of which issued the agonies of her lover; or else the garret dripped his blood. To-day Mr. Belasco's cellars are the abode of the undramatic potato, or at best of bottled Madeira; his garrets of hair-trunks and spinning-wheels. That object of the dean's laudations, Young Love, reigns supreme, and has no more serious obstacle in its course than a stripling's youthful weakness of character.

The Warrens of Virginia is a domestic war play. Union soldiers, it would appear, were always running into that deadly ambush between love and duty. In such cases, owing to the ethics of the playhouse (or is it only the romantics of Mr. Howard's youths and maidens?), love has generally had the call. In Secret Service Mr. Gillette allowed a division of Lincoln's army to charge into certain death because he was too noble to use, in his capacity as spy, the information which he had obtained by chance from a young Southern woman in his capacity of lover. No one objected, for were not the Union dead a mere off-stage fiction, while the young lovers were visible and palpitating realities? In this new play (by William C. de Mille, son of Mr. Belasco's collaborator of the days of The Wife and The Charity Ball) duty triumphs, though with a difference.

The hero is obliged, by command of his superiors, to carry into the home of the woman he loves a false dispatch, which, being discovered, misleads the Southern army to its ruin. This is not his only crime against romantics. Indeed, it is urged, and quite conclusively to hard-headed moralists, that it is no crime at all, but a necessary though bitter office of patriotism. Moreover, feeling the falsity of his personal predicament, he heroically refrains from making love. Miss Warren, however, is moved to confess her love for him, which hitherto she has denied. Piqued by the seeming coldness with which he receives her confession, she says that, whatever the usage in the North, her people, when engaged, indulge in demonstrations chaste but warm.

What is a poor fellow to do? Beneath the false dispatch his heart is surging romantically, and there on the stage before him is—Miss Charlotte Walker! Over love in the abstract duty has squeezed out a victory; but with love concrete and inviting, or rather entreating, duty takes a back seat for some thirty seconds. The Northern spy kissed that Southern girl, who in spite of the warmth of the South, which she has just been proclaiming, had never been kissed before.

This tragic complication not only roughens the course of true love but dams it quite. Even the hero feels at once how black his crime is, so that, though offered a chance to escape, he gives himself up to be shot as a spy. Only the news of peace saves him. And five years pass before Miss Warren and the rest of her family forgive him. Nothing more terrible than this warmly solicited kiss of Young Love has ever happened to a Belasco heroine since Du Barry was called a wanton.

Though opinions may differ as to the solid value of this romance, there can be no question as to its superficial charm. In the subject, it is true, there is little novelty. Most of the scenes, even of the characters and incidents, were anticipated by so recent a play as Mr. Louis Evan Shipman's On Parole, of which also Miss Charlotte Walker played the heroine. But under Mr. Belasco's hand this spacious Southern interior takes on not merely the semblance but the actuality of life, passionate, amusing, tender; and, over and under it all, the dominant note of tragedy.

Old women and young give their lives and their most cherished household possessions to clothe their menfolk for the struggle of desperate heroism. Children who can remember only this bitter wartime deny themselves food to keep the pulse of life in a starving army. A young girl whimsically bewails the lack of lovers in one breath, and, in the next, renounces the passion of a lifetime at the call of her country's need. An old soldier, whose fortune has been spent and his body racked by the war, burns with indomitable courage and keeps hope alive by recalling memories of past happiness.

Every detail of the acting is conceived with faithful imagination and consummately executed. As General Warren, Mr. Frank Keenan (the sheriff in The Girl of the Golden West) adds to his commanding distinction of manner the warmth and tenderness of deep affection. Miss Charlotte Walker, beautiful always, and with moments of skill, appears under Mr. Belasco's hand, as many before her, a finished artist with an extended range of power, from the lightest allure of coquetry to an outburst of primordial passion.

David Warfield's new vehicle, A Grand Army Man, discloses the household of the stage-driver of an Indiana town. Realism is here less gracious but no less finely vitalized, no less subtly calculated to throw the life depicted into the perspective of actuality, and surround it with illusive atmosphere. No detail has been neglected, from the war prints on the dingy walls to the gore in the back of Wes' Bigelow's vest which accommodates his expanding middle. This is a rural American home, in Indiana or anywhere else throughout the long expanse of the pie-belt.

Margaret Illington

Having regarded the lofty romantics of Virginia with skepticism, it may seem captious to complain of the sordidness of this Indiana story. But here are the facts. A young man, intrusted by an indulgent guardian with the funds of the local Grand Army Post, squanders them in a bucket-shop, is tried and sent to the penitentiary; and, after he is discharged, he marries the heiress heroine. The crime is palliated, perhaps, by the fact that he is a victim of Young Love, and also by the fact that he is a harebrained inventor without either common-sense or moral understanding. Yet it is not at all clear that a weak-kneed fool is more interesting than a knave, or more desirable for a young girl to marry. Such things happen in life more frequently, perhaps, than nobler errors, and are no less fateful to those concerned. But, on the stage, they are to be rendered significant, if at all, only by consummate art in the treatment. The most that can be claimed for this play (revised by Mr. Belasco from the original of Pauline Phelps and Marion Short) is a native simplicity and truthfulness. It is something to be grateful for that there is, in general, no attempt to distort the facts to gain theatric sympathy.

Whatever appeal the story has lies in Mr. Warfield's impersonation of Wes' Bigelow. His absconding ward is the orphaned son of the woman he loved and lost in his youth, and he has cherished him with more than a father's indulgence. His grief for the boy is redoubled by his own sense of paternal folly. Since Joseph Jefferson, whose methods were as instinctively beautiful and idealistic as Mr. Warfield's are humble and actualistic, our stage has known no one who could more poignantly portray simple-minded affection, homely humor and sentimental pathos. There are occasional gleams of rich humor. One line, "If you want something to cry about, go out and try to raise ready money in a hurry," raises shouts of laughter in hard-times audiences. And there are moments in which this new portrait rises to the best there was in The Music Master.

Rivals the Hysterics of Zaza

BUT there are other moments in which it can only be described as violently theatrical. When Bigelow learns of the crime, and realizes that in part, at least, his own indulgence is to blame, he seizes a huge rawhide and lays it over the boy's coatless arms. There is righteous anger in the act, and also a bitter resolve to make up all at once for his lifelong sparing of the rod. A single blow is followed by a quick revulsion to sympathy. The curtain descends to applause—centring in the ushers. Nothing can remove the impression that the moment is forced and theatrical. In the next act, when the doors of the prison close upon the lad, Bigelow throws himself against them with an emotional outbreak that rivals Mrs. Leslie Carter at her most hysterical.

The simple fact is that in his new vehicle Mr. Warfield, far from creating a new character, gives us only a less true and harmonious rendering of The Music Master. He has changed his clothes and removed all but the faintest traces of accent. But of the inner spirit of American life and character there is nothing. The authors of A Grand Army Man will never rank among the Who's Hoosiers. George Ade has given us Middle Westerners of quaint and authentic character. James Whitcomb Riley has evoked from his native pie-belt strains of sympathy that are as deep as they are humbly quiet. But this sentimentally horse-whipping, hysterically door-pounding Grand Army

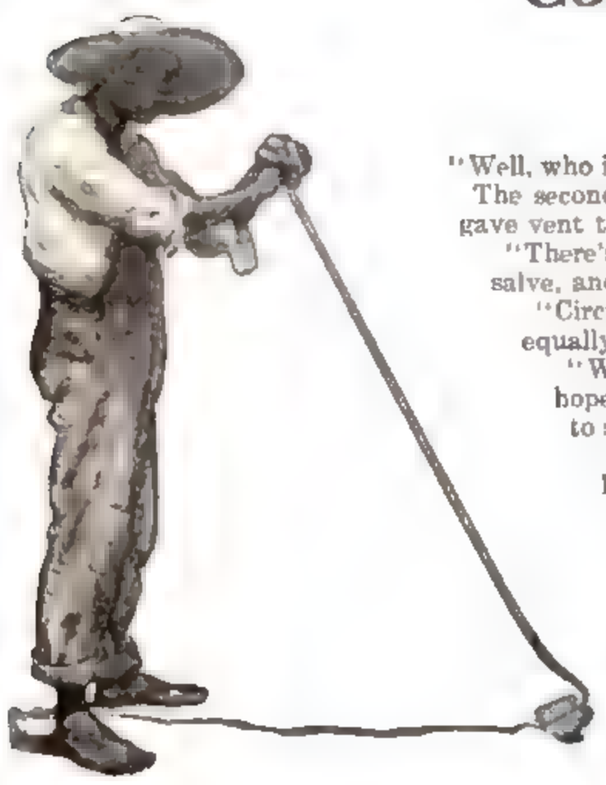
Marie Doro

(Concluded on Page 28)

THE GREAT TOBACCO WAR

Combination Versus Trust in Kentucky

By H. L. BEACH



"Well, who is going to buy it? I'll bet anything you don't know of a single man with a sick horse—do you?"

The second man sorrowfully admitted that his mailing list included no friends with ailing horses, but he gave vent to the idea of which was born the periodical before-mentioned.

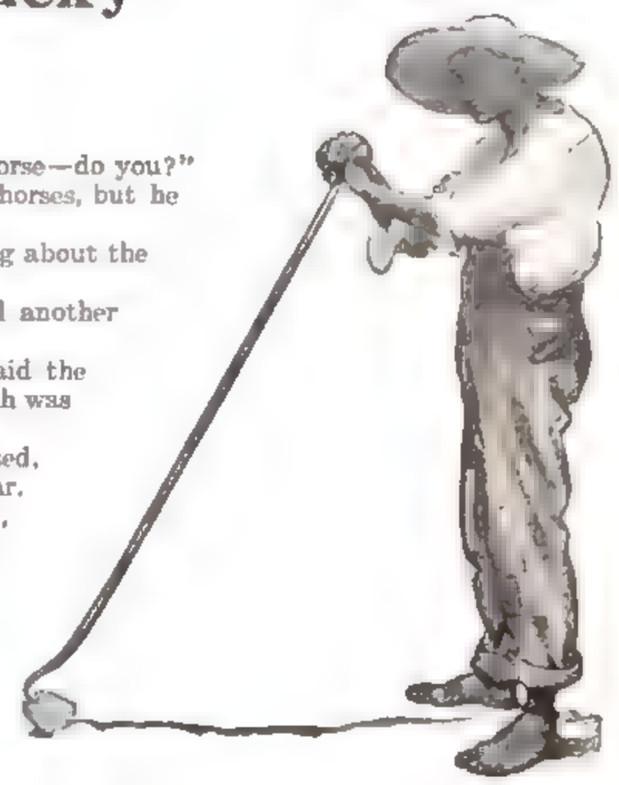
"There's a cattle show coming next month," he said, "and we'll get out a circular telling about the salve, and take it out there and work it off on the farmers."

"Circulars cost money," said the owner of the salve, and to this truism he added another equally apparent, "and we're broke."

"Well, maybe we can get an advertisement or two to pay for the circulars," said the hopeful debtor. So off they went to get some advertising to pay for the circular which was to sell the salve which was to restore the fifty dollars.

They succeeded beyond their expectations, and, as the cattle show progressed, broadened the scope and proportionally increased the selling power of their circular. When the show was concluded they were making money on their small publication, the farmers had gone with the salve, and they had a fair amount of advertising on hand. They then concluded to continue the circular, which steadily grew, and finally became a strong and popular weekly paper, to the enrichment of its owners.

The man with the book conceived the idea of forming an organization in which membership was to be obtained by the purchase of his printed mental product. From that germ, speaking in a broad and general sense, sprang what is now known as the American Society of Equity, to which belong the poolers of Kentucky tobacco, and which aims to control, through farmers' organizations, the agricultural output in all parts of the country.



SOME years ago, in the city of Chicago, what is now a large and prosperous trade publication came into being because a certain man became overstocked with horse salve. Through much the same process of evolution the tobacco industries in the State of Kentucky, notably those located in the northern central and eastern central parts of the State, are having economic and financial difficulties because a man in another State desired to sell a book.

The tobacco troubles, which trace indirectly to the man with the book, are the direct issue of the policy pursued by the farmers during the last two years in pooling their tobacco in the effort to force the American Tobacco Company to pay them what they consider a proper price.

The withholding of the tobacco from market has deprived the State during the last twenty-four months of the active circulation of between $34,000,000 and $38,000,000. It has seriously inconvenienced many of the smaller banks in the State by forcing them to carry a heavy aggregate of farmers' notes which have run far longer than the time usually allowed to such paper. It has sorely troubled manufacturers in the smaller towns, some of whom have been unable to obtain their customary accommodations because the banks have practically loaned to their limit on tobacco. Financial troubles are contagious, and no man can be afflicted with them without causing some other member of the community to "catch" them, in greater or less degree. The difficulties of the banker and manufacturer have, therefore, spread in other directions, and in large parts of the tobacco-growing sections of Kentucky there exist to-day conditions that will keep commercial peace and financial quietude perched upon the horizon until such time as the American Tobacco Company and the growers of tobacco adjust their differences.

Going back to the horse-salve man and the man with the book, the first had no more thought of originating a publication than the second of creating trouble for the State of Kentucky. Present conditions might, and probably would, have arisen had he never written a book; but, none the less, his authorship accelerated them.

The first man loaned fifty dollars to a friend, and the friend, after the occasional manner of such, defaulted in payment. The loan had entirely absorbed the assets of the lender, and when he pressed for payment it was because he sorely needed the fifty dollars. The borrower was willing to refund, but he had no money, and the question thus became one of collateral. Of this the borrower was destitute, save that he possessed certain jars of salve, said to be good for equine ailments. The ex-capitalist received the proposition with disgust, but he was pushed for money, and it was horse salve or nothing. He finally accepted the stuff with the understanding that he was to sell it for what he could, and that the borrower would, in due course of time, according to his measure of prosperity, pay the difference between the fifty dollars and the net proceeds from the sale of the salve.

The man short of cash and long of horse medicine brought around about one hundred cans of salve, to the increased mental nausea of the original owner of the fifty dollars.

"Do you rub it on 'em or do you feed it with the oats?" he asked.

"You rub it," was the reply.

The author himself had unlimited faith in the powers of his organization, and in Owensboro, Kentucky, once announced, after rehearsing the benefits to be expected from the society:

"Why, just the report that I was coming here to Owensboro sent the price of tobacco up a cent and a half."

There is no gainsaying the facts that tobacco had advanced, and that he had come to Owensboro. How much of cause and effect there was in the two is somewhat less apparent.

This article concerns only that portion of the society which is composed of the growers of tobacco, and particularly those in northern and central Kentucky. The organization of the tobacco planters in southwestern Kentucky and northwestern Tennessee was considered previously.

It might not be amiss to say, however, that the conditions that were existent in the dark tobacco district last spring prevail to-day. The violence is in no degree diminishing, and early in December the night riders destroyed property in the town of Hopkinsville valued at about two hundred thousand dollars.

The market there is practically bare of tobacco, and, with buyers offering prices highly satisfactory to the individual farmers, sales are delayed because the Planters' Protective Association demands that all trading shall be carried on in strict conformity with its rules, and in no other manner.

When Trust Meets Trust in Kentucky

THE growers of the dark tobacco district owe no allegiance to any parent organization. They are their own lawgivers. There are, however, in the State four other tobacco-producing sections, in three of which the growers affiliated with the American Society of Equity are in open hostility against the American Tobacco Company, upon which the dark tobacco district has made so strenuous a fight. The fourth district is not "organized."

In two of these districts, which comprise forty-two and one-half counties of the seventy-one in the State which are large producers of tobacco, the growers have, by "pooling" their crops and withdrawing them from market, brought about the conditions that are causing serious concern to thoughtful business men.

In dealing with her tobacco industries Kentucky has been called upon to diagnosticate an economic complaint somewhat uncommon. To cure it she has devised a method of treatment which is also exceptional.

To combat a commercial combination which she believes unlawful, she has legalized a similar body to fight it. To prevent one trust from employing methods believed to be restrictive of commerce, she has authorized another to act in restraint of trade. That organization, the Burley Tobacco Growers' Association, is to-day doing within the State of Kentucky, under Kentucky State law, what its opponent, the American Tobacco Company, is prohibited from doing by the statutes of the United States—combining to influence prices.

The American Society of Equity, through its tobacco-growing department, which is known as the National Tobacco Growers' Association, dominates in large measure the tobacco-growing territory of the State. Its districts are, from west to east.

The Henderson Stemming District, which comprises the counties of Henderson, Union, Webster, Hopkins and Crittenden.

The Green River District, in which are Daviess, McLean, Ohio, Hancock and Breckinridge Counties in Kentucky, and Spencer County in Indiana.

The Burley District, which is composed of thirty-seven counties in central and northwestern Kentucky, and a few in Ohio and Indiana—about forty-four in all. The National Tobacco Growers' Association also includes Virginia, Ohio and Wisconsin. Organizers are at work in Maryland and the Carolinas, and meeting with great success.

A fourth district, in which there is no growers' organization, is the One Sucker, Air-Cure District. It comprises six complete counties and one-half of each of three others. Its name is derived from the peculiarity of the tobacco grown there and its method of treatment. Commercial conditions are normal and call for no particular comment.

In order to avoid confusion and multiplicity of names, it will be understood that the title of National Tobacco Growers' Association when used means the Society of Equity and the subordinate branches of the growers' association. The name of the American Tobacco Company is intended to comprehend the various subsidiary corporations composing it, such as the Continental Tobacco Company, American Snuff Company, etc.

The cause of the existence and the avowed purpose in life of the National Tobacco Growers' Association are identical with that actuating the planters in the dark tobacco district—opposition to the financial policies of the American Tobacco Company and the desire to dictate to it the prices for which tobacco is to be sold.

It is doubtful whether in American commercial history any corporation has reaped so prompt and extensive a crop of whirlwind on its early sowing of wind as the American Tobacco Company. It may be added that a whirlwind involving the personality and fighting quality of the average Kentuckian is apt to possess an active pungency and original flavor that are wanting in certain other sections of the country.

There are many charges brought against the American Tobacco Company of indirect methods and unfair manipulation of markets, of freeze-out tactics, and of a general disposition to eat its fill from the trough and defile past using what remains. Some of these can be substantiated. There are also, as a matter of course, other charges, reckless, ridiculous and false, and equally, as a matter of course, they find full credence. The American Tobacco Company in its early career ignored the fact that it is the first impression that abides, and it is doubtful whether the company, if it now tries its utmost to "be good" with the Kentucky farmer, can regain his confidence within a generation.

Justified or unjustified as this may be, there is no disputing the fact that the dog has a bad name, that ropes are plenty and that eager hands will pull on them at every opportunity.

Distrust of the tobacco buyer is not, however, an exclusive possession of the American Tobacco Company. The feeling has existed from the sale of the first crop, and,

unless mankind in some remote period adopts the golden rule as a business code, suspicion will be evident when the final growing is handed over to the last purchaser.

Owensboro, Kentucky, the largest loose leaf tobacco market in the world, enjoyed, in times gone by, a reputation for self-preservation in tobacco buying that is well illustrated by a story told by an evangelist who was holding forth in the country tributary to that city. He announced at the commencement of a week's revival that he would, during the next seven days, answer any objection that any man might offer to joining the church.

He zealously fulfilled his promise and, at the final service, asked any man who believed that all objections had not been fully met to arise. An old farmer promptly stood up.

"Haven't I answered all the questions put to me?" asked the evangelist.

"You have."

"Have I not explained away all objections made in these meetings?"

"You have."

"Then what is it?"

"There's a reason that has not been mentioned, and it is one you can't answer. I'd like to join the church, but I can't do it with this thing ahead of me. No man could."

"What is it, brother what is it?"

"I've got to go and sell my tobacco to these fellows in Owensboro, and no man with that thing ahead of him can be a Christian."

And the evangelist sat down, answered and unanswering.

In the Henderson Stemming District the crops are chiefly used for foreign consumption. Going toward the east the foreign demand decreases, and that of the home market enlarges. Thus, in the Green River District, in the centre, the plant is taken about equally by the foreign and domestic buyer, and in the Burley District, in the east of the tobacco-growing section of the State, about seventy-five to eighty per cent. of the total output is taken by the American Tobacco Company.

It is in these two sections that the finish fight between the American Tobacco Company and the growers is being waged. The association has one tremendous advantage over its gigantic opponent. It can legally do that which the American Tobacco Company may not. The very essence of the tobacco growers' antipathy to the American Tobacco Company is their claim that it acts in restraint of trade and depresses prices by the elimination of competition—and yet the association has the sanction of the law to do that identical thing for the elevation of prices.

A Trust in All but Name

THE Kentucky statute under which this is possible was enacted March 31, 1906, and carried with it an emergency clause by which it became immediately effective. It reads as follows:

"Section 1.—It is hereby declared lawful for any number of persons to combine, unite or pool any or all of the crops of wheat, tobacco, corn, oats, hay or other farm products raised by them for the purpose of classifying, grading, storing, holding, selling or disposing of same, either in parcels or as a whole, in order or for the purpose of obtaining a greater or higher price therefor than they might or could obtain or receive by selling said crops separately or individually."

Section two provides that contracts or agreements made for the purposes outlined in section one "are hereby permitted, and shall not, because of any such combination, be declared illegal or invalid."

Section three permits the selection of an agent or agents to carry pooling agreements into effect.

Inasmuch as Kentucky is not agriculturally pre-eminent, save in tobacco, the object of the statute is obvious.

Denouncing the American Tobacco Company as a flagrant trust which would, if it could, control the entire tobacco output of the country for its particular profit, the members of the Tobacco Growers' Association are determined to become something of that kind themselves. They aim at nothing less than the pooling and control of the tobacco crop of the United States, believe they can bring this to pass within a year or two, and the progress their organization is making gives some warrant for that belief.

They claim to be actuated only by the desire to receive a fair figure for their produce, contending that they cannot obtain such a price from the American Tobacco Company. The whole question centres about the conflicting opinions of what constitutes "a fair price"—and this is where buyers and sellers have differed since the opening of the world's first market.

Holding Up for Bigger Prices

THE plan of campaign adopted by the tobacco growers has been simple enough. It is merely the withholding of their crops from the market until the artificial shortage shall compel the American Tobacco Company to accept the growers' construction of "a fair price." This is how the plan has worked out up to the present time.

In the Henderson Stemming District—so called because the crop is largely absorbed by the English demand and John Bull buys his tobacco leaves without stems on account of a heavy import tax—the farmers have this year received the highest prices paid since the Civil War.

The crop of 1907 in this section is estimated at about thirty million pounds, and of this the Imperial Tobacco Company has purchased outright, for an average price of eight cents, about sixteen million pounds, with the understanding that there is to be no interference with its buying from non-association growers. The independents, naturally, will receive the same price for their holdings as was paid to the members of the association.

The Growers' Association still holds in reserve in this district a small portion of the pooled crop of 1906, and because of the absorption of this year's tobacco this will find a ready sale. The 1907 crop, too, is to be delivered directly to the purchaser by the farmer, thus obviating the necessity for the usual financing. The situation, therefore, in this section is eminently satisfactory to the grower and fairly so to the buyers.

In the Green River District, however, the troubles, moral, physical and financial, multiply, and the leaders of the association are having, at times, much difficulty in holding their followers in line. The plant grown in this district is used in about equal proportions by the foreign and domestic markets. The growers whose farms produce a tobacco suitable for the foreign demand have been compelled to see their neighbors in the stemming district reveling in prosperity while their own troubles increase. So restive have some of them become that the association leaders here have sent to their brothers in the stemming district this unique Macedonian cry:

"Please issue a statement to the effect that you did a very foolish thing in selling your tobacco to the Imperial Tobacco Company, or we may not be able to hold all of our members in line." In other words:

"Kindly declare yourselves fools that we may convince our people that they are wise."

The requested self-denunciation has not yet been issued.

In this section the Growers' Association has been split into two factions, one being the Green River Department of the American Society of Equity, whose holdings are at present stored with a warehouse company in Louisville which is financing the department—no light undertaking, when it is understood that there is on hand some of the crop of 1905, all of that of 1906, and the crop of 1907 is coming in. Unless sales are made in this district before long the condition of some of the farmers will become acute. They have obtained loans to the value of fifty per cent. of their crops of 1905 and 1906, and many of these notes are still unpaid and in the hands of the country banks. The general conditions existing here are not entirely satisfactory to such people as lack a highly-inflamed optimism.

The second faction of the growers, known as the Green River Equity Warehouse Company, Incorporated, has sold its holdings to the American Tobacco Company, and this, together with the selling of the independent growers, has, naturally, curtailed the call for the pooled tobacco. It was the desire to prevent further restriction of their market and lessening of demand that led to the formation of what are known as the "peaceful armies of invasion" that have marched to and fro through the district requesting independent buyers and sellers to cease operations, and even going to the length of demanding the abrogation of contracts.

The first "army," mustering two hundred and fifty to three hundred men, gathered in Owensboro, and then, dividing into squads of twenty-five to thirty, started throughout the country for missionary purposes. They explained to the growers and buyers who were not of their economic faith the situation from the association's standpoint. They then asked that crops be handled by the independents in such a way as to further the interests of the association. No violence was offered or promised, but, in many cases, the covert threat was made that, while this particular army was on a mission of peace, some other day another army might come sweeping through the land, and, if the farmer had remained obdurate, it was entirely possible that the second army might adopt measures less mild and more persuasive.

This led, later, to a demonstration in Owensboro of the independents, who held a great open-air meeting for the purpose of giving notice to the world at large, and association members in particular, that they proposed to conduct their business as and with whom they pleased.

Later other "armies" passed through various sections of the Green River District informing farmers that their "requests" must be respected and all independent tobacco handled in accordance with the dictates of the organization.

What Boosted Corn and Wheat

DURING the campaign of one of these armies two of its members engaged in a wordy combat with the owner of two large farms in Daviess County who, up to the present, has been reluctant to accept the association doctrine. The battle was long, and the farmer would not budge from his opinion that membership in the association was not to his advantage. Finally, one of the association men declared:

"We will settle this thing in a hurry. You'll admit that corn and wheat are fairly high in this country, won't you?"

The farmer admitted it.

"Do you know what sent them up?"

"Natural conditions, I suppose."

"Natural conditions—nothing. I'll tell you what sent them up. They came to me at my home in Hancock County and said: 'We'll give you forty cents for corn.' And I told them if they wouldn't pay more than forty cents for corn in Hancock they wouldn't get any, and that's what sent corn up. The rise started right there in Hancock County. And the rise in wheat started there in Hancock County, too."

Considering that Kentucky raises less than four per cent. of the nation's corn and less than two per cent. of its wheat, and that Hancock County is rather smaller than the average Kentucky county, the farmer is not to be censured for remaining unconvinced, while the association advocates rode away after delivering themselves of candid and forcible observations regarding the heathen darkness in which Daviess County farmers dwell as compared with their neighbors in Hancock.

Instances of violence have been rare. There have been a few cases of barn-burning, but these are generally attributed to, and unquestionably are, the work of individuals seeking to gratify a personal feeling of revenge.

In considering the financial difficulties in this section and in the Burley District it must be remembered the tobacco crop in Kentucky is the living crop. It is the crop to which the farmer looks for his income, it is his chief reliance for support, and upon the prosperity of the farmer depends that of almost every small town throughout the State. They make their living off the men who come to town in the morning and leave at night. Everything these communities have, or hope to have, is bound up in the

well-doing of the farmer. What harms him, injures them; what severely wounds him may be the death of them.

With the pooled crop of 1905 partially unsold, all of 1906 still awaiting the buyer, that of 1907 going into another pool, the situation may be imagined. Immense sums of money that usually are in circulation throughout the district are locked up, farmers have borrowed from the banks and are unable to pay until their tobacco is sold, and interest charges are steadily eating into their present resources. The small country banks, some of them, are heavily loaded with farmers' tobacco paper, which, in ordinary times, runs for approximately four months, and has now been held, some of it, for two years.

Much money loaned by some of the country banks has been advanced on what might not inaptly be called "round-robin" notes They are issued in this way: A goes to the bank and borrows, with B, C and D as indorsers. Then comes B and secures a loan, with A, C and D to back him. C and D do likewise, and the bank thus obtains four notes, which are, to all intents and purposes, the same paper.

It is a fair estimate to say that in the Henderson Stemming District $850,000 is at present out of circulation because of the pooling of the tobacco; $1,200,000 in the Green River District, and $25,650,000 to $29,700,000 in the Burley District.

These figures are based upon the claims of the Growers' Association as to the amount of tobacco they have pooled and upon the price demanded for it. In the Burley District they claim to have pooled in 1906 thirty-two per cent. of the crop, or about sixty million pounds; and of that of 1907 sixty to seventy-five per cent., or from one hundred and eleven million to one hundred and thirty-eight million seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Valuing this at fifteen cents per pound, which is the price the farmers demand from the American Tobacco Company, the total amount of money locked up is shown to be as given above. Estimating that one-half of the farmers in the Green River and Burley Districts have obtained loans of fifty per cent. on their holdings gives $6,712,000 as the amount of the farmers' paper. Thus gives a grand total of money locked up by the pooling of the tobacco of from $34,412,000 to $38,462,000.

Accurate figures on tobacco are remarkably elusive; and, as an instance, it may be cited that one of the most careful statistical boards in Kentucky, compiling data for its own guidance, and not for publication, estimates the crop of 1906 in the Burley District to be one hundred and twenty million pounds. An official of a tobacco exchange, who has every incentive to secure accurate figures, gives it as one hundred and eighty-five million pounds. The American Tobacco Company, which, whatever else may be urged against it, is admitted by all to be a mathematician of the highest order, figures it one hundred and ninety million to two hundred million pounds. On estimates of dollars and cents the figures vary as widely as on the computations of pounds of tobacco. Truth, in the tobacco business, dwells at the bottom of an amazingly deep and small-bored well.

By far the greater part of the pooled tobacco is held in the Burley District, and it is here that the fight between the Kentucky grower and the American Tobacco Company must be decided; for while, in other sections, a large part of the crop is taken by foreign markets, the American Tobacco Company consumes seventy-five to eighty per cent. of the Burley tobacco, or, rather, it does when it can get it.

The pooled growers in this district now hold, according to their estimates, out of three hundred and seventy million pounds of the crops of 1906 and 1907, from one hundred and seventy-one million to one hundred and ninety-eight million pounds. In addition to this, certain members of the association own individually a large amount of tobacco which they, as independent dealers, had purchased prior to the formation of the organization. This, however, they cannot pool, as only the crops of actual growers are received. All of this tobacco is one with that of the association, however, as far as the practical effects of the pool are concerned.

Inasmuch as the American Tobacco Company is the chief consumer of Burley tobacco, the ability of the growers to obtain the price they demand depends upon the needs of that company. In order to bring it to their terms, therefore, the growers have declined to sell any of their holdings to the tobacco company unless it agrees to take all of them. In the desire to encourage a fire in the rear of the enemy they have, however, expressed a willingness to sell certain portions of the lower grades of tobacco to independent dealers who are competitors of the American Tobacco Company.

The present value of what Burley tobacco comes upon the market is in a measure fictitious as compared with a fair selling price based upon physical conditions, because during the last two years only one-fourth of the normal amount of tobacco has been placed upon sale in the markets of Louisville and Cincinnati, and the comparatively small supply naturally brings high figures.

The tentative decision has been reached by the organization to plant no crop in 1908 unless all their present holdings are disposed of before the time for active planting comes around next year. With two crops of tobacco on hand the society does not wish to attempt to finance a third, and many of the members frankly doubt its ability to do so. Moreover, if the American Tobacco Company is able to conduct its own business – and thus far it has done so — without the vast amount of tobacco held by the society, it is evident that there is a surplus which must be wiped out before the American Tobacco Company can be forced into paying the prices demanded by the farmers.

The management of the Burley Society has, thus far, been equal to the demands made upon it by a unique economic situation, and has been amazingly successful in carrying out its policy and in holding its tobacco in the face of decidedly adverse financial conditions.

In some counties there is a board of control which administers society affairs; but, in the majority of them, the tobacco is handled by warehouse corporations which are provided for in the by-laws of the organization. Warehouse receipts are given the farmers on the delivery of tobacco. Heretofore, when the Burley crop was taken by the American Tobacco Company, the farmer received cash on delivery. For two years, however, he has been forced to content himself with this warehouse receipt and the amount of money he has been able to borrow upon it. The various county organizations have undertaken to furnish fifty per cent. of the value of the crop as graded, if desired by the farmers, and, up to the present time, the highly successful manner in which this has been carried out by the association speaks volumes for the business ability of the men at the head of the organization. It must be understood, moreover, that there is no concerted agreement between the different counties as to financial measures. Each works out its own salvation, and thus far all of them have been saved.

The financial situation, on the whole, however, is not entirely of deep and increasing rose color. The usual money from outside sources is withheld, and the local banks, which have hitherto depended upon deposits arising from the prompt sales of tobacco and immediate cash receipts therefrom, must now, without these resources, furnish practically fifty per cent. of the entire estimated value of the Burley tobacco crop, and what they cannot provide must come from outside lenders.

In addition, the security for these loans is the tobacco that will be sold, nobody knows just when or for just what.

All of the loans made by the country banks have renewal privileges, but the tobacco cannot be held eternally, and the delay is fraught with perplexity and apprehension.

This condition is far-reaching and affects not only the banks, but the merchants in small towns, who are dependent upon the farmers and who, now that much of their source of revenue is dried up, are having a hard time to meet their own obligations.

It is the usual custom of the American Tobacco Company to store for approximately two years its purchases of Burley. There is, in a new tobacco, if used for chewing, a "fire" and a "bite" that is not relished by the majority of users. If allowed to remain in store the tobacco mellows after the fashion of whisky. This storing is not invariably done, however, and new tobacco has sometimes been placed on the market after the plan on which distillers have been known to toss a new barrel into a corroding chemical concoction for the purpose of producing an "aged" appearance.

Because of their determination to hold their tobacco from the market the growers have taken upon themselves the burden of carrying the crop for one or two years, which, otherwise, would have been placed upon the American Tobacco Company. In the Burley District alone this cannot be far from sixty thousand dollars to seventy thousand dollars annually. Naturally, this will be added to the selling price if the growers win out, and must be borne by them if they lose. It is, in fact, a matter between them and the public; for, if the American Tobacco Company ultimately surrenders, it will simply increase the selling price to cover its outlay, and the final consumer will be, as is always the case, the man to foot the bill.

Editor's Note—Since this article was written, a news despatch from Winchester, Kentucky, says that the tobacco growers met representatives of the American Tobacco Company, which may arrange to purchase all pooled tobacco.

THE NEW REPORTER

And How He Views the Doings at the Capitol

WHEN Secretary Taft returned from his gallop around the world I was one of the first to hike up to the War Department to ask him how about it. There is a good deal of Taft sentiment in our State, and I thought a few words from him, coming at this time, might clarify and consolidate things, as well as make a good item.

Taft went away before I got here, and I had never seen him. I had been to the War Department a few times, and had found it to be just like the other departments, solemn, secretive, and so impressed with the great work it was doing that even the messengers seemed round-shouldered from the weight of the affairs of state they were carrying. A two-thousand-dollar chief of a bureau in an executive department in Washington is about the most portentous person in the world, except a three-thousand-dollar one. You'd think, to hear them talk, and to watch them perform, that they are the Important Sounds in this Administration, and, if they quit, even for a minute, the whole fabric of the Government would come tumbling down around our heads; but, as no person who gets on a pay-roll in Washington ever quits, perhaps we need not worry.

They tell me the War Department is one of the most essential arms of the Government, and it probably is. As nearly as I can make out that tremendous machine is occupied, mostly, in transferring Sergeant William McGinnis from Fort Porter to the Presidio, the travel enjoined being for the good of the service, and in similar momentous undertakings; but that may be the view of a newcomer. However, you can take it from me that, whether or not the War Department is one of the most momentous arms of the Government, the War Department thinks it is, and that is all that is necessary.

I had chased up and down those dreary corridors several times, trying to find something of interest to send back home, and had butted against major-generals and brigadier-generals and all other kinds of generals and colonels and majors, and had come to the conclusion that there is a mighty good reason for all this talk about the smallness of our army in the field, or wherever it is. They have got most of the officers detailed here in Washington helping the General Staff figure out the exact method of establishing balloon communication between Buffalo, New York, and Paducah, Kentucky, in case the Swiss navy lands an invading horde of Tyrolean terrors at Charleston, South Carolina. The army has to be small. If it wasn't it would be necessary to detach some of the social lights of the Capital from their desks here and send them out to command the men. As it is, there are so few men to command, that every function here can be made complete by its proper quota of warriors.

I hiked up to see Secretary Taft, and, as soon as I got in the war part of the State, War and Navy Building I found there was a change. It was like heating a room with a red-hot base-burner stove where the only previous conducer to warmth had been a candle. Talk about geniality! Why, even the dismal Ainsworth radiated some. The whole place was on the broad grin. The clerks and typewriters chuckled at their work, and I saw a major-general actually nod to a captain in one of the corridors. The messengers were shambling around, laughing to themselves. The shades were all up. The sun was coming in the windows. Everything was as cheerful as an Airedale terrier with a priceless Persian cat up a horse-chestnut tree.

"Say," I said to one of the regular men who cover the War Department, "what's up? What has changed this abode of gloom so suddenly?"

"Why," he replied, "haven't you heard? Taft's back. He's on the job again."

That was it. Taft was back. He had breezed in a few hours before, and the whole atmosphere had changed. There are no Melancholy Mikes doing business when Big Bill is in command. He simply won't let them be sad.

So I cheered up myself and went into the Secretary's anteroom. There were some fellows sitting around, all grinning, and I heard a prodigious "Haw! Haw! Haw!" through the half-opened door of the inner room. Presently the Secretary came out, with numbers one, three and five of his double chins shaking, and smiled at the whole crowd, an expansive, sure-enough smile that was big enough for everybody there and could accommodate twice as many.

"Boys," he said, "come in. I'm glad to see you, glad to be back; and what can I do for you?"

There was nothing to it but be merry. A man with a telegram in his pocket from his managing editor yelling because the opposition paper had scooped him on the most important piece of local news of the session would have thawed out after that invitation. We went in, and he shook hands, with a hand as big as a catcher's mitt, and a grip that instantly set at rest all doubts you may have had as to whether that three hundred pounds is all fat or not.

It looked so easy that it seemed a shame to do it. Here was a great, big, good-natured man ready to sit there by his enormous desk and lay bare the secrets of his innermost soul simply for the asking. I could see Farrington, our telegraph editor, building a seven-column head for the first page to run over my story which said: "Secretary Taft Tells the Leader Correspondent All About His Campaign for the Presidency." I began to have doubts whether a man who was so frank and open and bland and childlike wouldn't be too much of all of those to be President.

Taft as a Continuous Story-Teller

THERE was some jollying back and forth, and then somebody, with an afternoon edition to catch, came down to business. "Well, Mr. Secretary, what can you tell us about your Presidential prospects?" he fired in.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Secretary. "When I was at Vladivostock I saw a remarkable thing ——" and he talked for ten minutes about it and had us all convulsed.

"But, Mr. Secretary," said another correspondent, when that story was finished, "a good many things have happened since you went away, and we would like to know where you stand on ——"

"Certainly," exploded Taft, with another roar of laughter; "there was a most amusing experience at Tobolsk — ever been to Tobolsk—quaint place—and it happened like this ——"

He talked another ten minutes, and had us all laughing again. I could see that seven-column head shrinking slowly and surely, so I ventured: "Still, Mr. Secretary, you haven't told us yet what you are going to do ——"

"And going over, just before we got to Shanghai," the Secretary interrupted, "the ship's captain came to me and said ——"

And he told us what the captain said and what he said and what everybody else said, and, just as he finished, his secretary came in and announced some of the General Staff, and Taft said: "So glad to have you boys call. Come in any time, and I'll be glad to tell you all I can. Awfully kind of you to remember me. Good-by."

Before we knew it we were out in the corridor, casting up. We had a fine story about Tobolsk, but the information about the Taft boom was scattering and incomplete, as the line under the tables says in the paper on the morning after election

"Awful shame to have a big, good-natured fellow like that, so open and disingenuous, in charge of a big Government department," said one of the crowd. "Simple as a child. Doesn't know how to take care of himself at all. Somebody ought to do something about it."

That shot that story all to pieces. I saw my three-column spread dwindling to about this: "Secretary Taft returned to Washington to-day. He refused to discuss the movement to nominate him for President," for I knew if I put any Tobolsk stuff on the wire I would get a reminder from the managing editor about telegraph tolls that would keep me awake for a week. I had sat around the press gallery for several days and heard discussions of how the good reporter goes out and makes some news when there isn't news to be had in any other way. It was up to me to have a story, and I decided to make some news for myself, get it exclusively and let them know at home that I was attending to business.

I spent half a day trying to think out some way to make a story, and then I had an idea. It occurred to me that it was a shame to send our great fleet of battleships to the Pacific in command of a rear-admiral. I figured out there would be a lot of naval officers from countries with little tin-pot ships who would be admirals and vice-admirals and all that sort of thing, and that it would be humiliating to Evans to have those brunette persons rank him, as they would, for he is only a rear-admiral, and Admiral Dewey, the boss of the Navy, wasn't aboard. You see, I have been here long enough to get some of the Washington ideas of rank and precedence pounded into me.

This looked pretty good. If I could get some Senator to introduce a bill making Evans a vice-admiral it would be a fine story and, as I suggested it, I would have first crack at it in my dispatches. I went to the Navy Department library and dug out all the precedents and made a typewritten statement of them. Then I went around to the document room of the Senate and had a talk with a chap I know there about how to prepare the bill, first pledging him to secrecy, and he told me what to do. I wrote a bill. It was a simple resolution conferring the rank of vice-admiral on Rear-Admiral Evans, to last until, in accordance with existing law, he should retire.

After I had that all fixed I went over the Senate list to get the right man to introduce and father the bill. I was making news, you know, and, incidentally, was getting an exclusive news story for my paper. I picked out my man, a Senator who confined his attention, mostly, to introducing pension bills, and I went to him and approached the matter cautiously.

"Senator," I said, "don't you think it is a shame to have our fleet going down there to foreign ports and to visit countries that have naval officers who rank the man who is in command of our fleet? I mean, there will be men to greet Evans who will be vice-admirals and full admirals, and he is only a rear-admiral."

"Why," said the Senator, "I hadn't thought of that. What is the idea?"

I explained it to him again carefully. I showed how it is preposterous that Evans should be only a rear-admiral when he is in command of such a fleet on such a mission.

"Really," said the Senator, "you interest me. What can we do about it?"

Then I came to bat with my typewritten list of the precedents and said: "It only needs an act of Congress and the thing will be done."

"Let me see that paper," demanded the Senator. He read it a couple of times. "What can I do?" he inquired.

"Why," I said, "you can introduce this bill I have here, and I will print a story about it, and you can get the credit for it in the Senate and before the country."

"I see," he replied. "I can introduce the bill and you will put it in the papers," and he smiled amiably at me.

"Exactly," I said.

He read the bill. "I think," he said, "that this bill is too short. Now, what we need is about two or three printed pages reciting the causes that have led up

Senator William Warner, of Missouri

to this, and the record of Rear-Admiral Evans, whom I have never met, but whom I shall delight to honor, and then I will introduce it and you will put it in the papers," and he smiled amiably at me again.

"Put it in the paper, Senator," I corrected. "You see, as this is my story, I want to get it first. After it is made public all the other correspondents will have to print it, it is so important, but as I thought of it, I should have first crack at it."

"Of course," assented the Senator, "of course; perfectly right. Now let me draw the bill."

It took me half an hour to convince him the bill I had drawn, which was only two or three lines long, was the right one. I explained to him, at great length, that he had all the facts to back it in the typewritten statement I had prepared, and that he could use those facts in advocating the bill

Finally, he saw it in that light. I cautioned him again not to say a word to any other correspondent, because I was going to print the story the next morning, and he could put the bill in when the Senate convened at noon. This would give me my exclusive dispatch, enable me to start my story next day with those beautiful words: "As exclusively stated in these dispatches last night ——" and then all the other papers would print it and he'd get a lot of glory.

He consented. I left him reading the bill over and over and much tickled with himself. I went to the office and wrote my story. I showed how the enterprise of the Leader had made it possible for Rear-Admiral Evans to be promoted to vice-admiral, and thus give the man in command of our fleet equal rank with the highest naval officers of the countries the fleet would visit. I was making progress for a youngster.

After I had filed my dispatch, and was feeling well satisfied with my first experience at newsmaking, I thought I would stroll over to the office of my principal competitor, Wilkins, and see what he was doing and find out, if I could, whether he had any inkling of the story.

As I went in Wilkins was talking on the telephone. He put his hand over the transmitter and said: "Here, cub, this is a story you want. Get on that other telephone there and listen."

I grabbed the other telephone. This is what I heard: "This is Senator Blank talking. I intend to introduce an important bill to-morrow and I understand some of the reporters for papers in your section know about it, so I thought I would inform you."

Well, I choked with rage. I thought I would yell at the old fuddy-duddy to remind him of his promise; but before I could think of anything that just fitted he went on: "I shall introduce a bill making Rear-Admiral Evans a vice-admiral. I have given this matter a great deal of study and have decided it is due us, as a nation, to have the man in command of that great fleet of commensurate rank with some of the officials he will meet. There is plenty of precedent for this action."

And then he went on and read to my deadly rival the typewritten statement I had prepared myself and had given to him.

After he had finished and rung off Wilkins turned to me and said, in his patronizing manner: "There, kid, that will make a good story for you. Of course, I might have kept it to myself and beaten you on it, but you are young here, and I thought it would be taking an unfair advantage of you."

I couldn't say anything. I walked dumbly out into the street, after telling Wilkins some sort of a thank you for his kindness and consideration. I met a dozen correspondents.

They all had the story. My friend, the Senator, seeing the possibility of getting some newspaper notice for himself, and having in mind future kind treatment, had called up every correspondent who had a paper in his State and in the adjoining States, told them all about the bill and gave them the stuff I had prepared as the basis for their articles. In half an hour every man on Newspaper Row knew all about it.

I was a newsmaker, all right enough, but my operations were not restricted. I made news for everybody, it appeared, as well as for myself. I was a sort of a beneficent organization that came to the rescue on a dull night, and the tough part of it all is that Wilkins thinks he did me a good turn and prevented me from getting scooped when he gave me the story.

The Facts as Related

GEORGE R. PECK, general counsel for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road, lived in Kansas in his early days, and knew Old Jim Lane, who was one of the famous Kansas characters and who represented Kansas in the Senate shortly after that State was admitted.

"Lane," said Mr. Peck, "was undoubtedly one of the greatest stump speakers this country has ever produced. He always spoke of himself in the third person as 'Old Jim Lane,' and he could make a speech that would bring the Kansans up howling. Some years before he went to the Senate he settled on a tract of land outside of Lawrence. His neighbor was a man named Jenkins. There was a spring on the boundary line between the two quarter sections which was the subject of much dispute between Lane and Jenkins.

"One day, while Lane was sitting in front of his cabin, Jenkins came to get a pail of water. He dipped his pail in the spring. Lane went into the cabin, got his rifle and shot Jenkins dead. There was a great row, but nothing was done, and Lane was afterward sent to the Senate.

"His course in the Senate did not satisfy some of the Kansas people, and they began talking about the murder. Lane's friends wrote to him to come back to Kansas and make a speech and explain the killing. Lane decided to go, and appeared in Topeka. The farmers had come in for miles around. Lane got up on the tailboard of a wagon, faced his great audience and began to speak. In ten minutes he had them under the spell of his rude eloquence.

"Then he took up the murder. 'My fellow-citizens,' he said, 'they charge me with murder. Now what are the facts? What, I repeat, are the facts concerning this charge of murder? These are the facts: When the noble women of Lawrence wanted to establish a library in that thriving city they came to Old Jim Lane. They told Old Jim Lane what they wanted to do, and Old Jim Lane took his horse out of the furrow, his only horse, sold it and gave the money to those noble ladies of Lawrence for that library. My fellow-citizens, those are the facts.'

"That is the only explanation he made," said Mr. Peck, "and it was sufficient, for he was never questioned again."

AN AMERICAN SOUVENIR

The Old Maid from Kansas Goes Abroad at Last

Mary Moore

By EDWIN BALMER

TRIPPERS!" "Americans!" Young Seaton winced behind his London Illustrated News; but the next words straightened him again.

"Must be jolly hard on 'Mericans, right sort," the patronizing tone went on, "having such classes tripping about after one. Fancy having that class from *England* in same inn with one!"

"Fancy!"

"But *ours* jolly well know their place better . . ."

"But see here!" The strident voice of the leading "tripper" easily became dominant as it shrilled higher. "The guide-book says two and one-half francs, and at most *three!*"

"Ah, Madame—Mesdames, cer*tain*ly, madame takes not," the nervous jerks of Monsieur le Propriétaire's head and hands displayed his despair, "ze book-guide against *mon tarif! Voila!* See, madame. It is here printed. *Voici!*" He tore down his "schedule" and brandished it with dramatic triumph. "See! Appartement, *dix*—ten francs!"

"This is the Hotel d'Aigle, Monsieur?" the strident "American" tone twanged back confidently.

"*Oui!* L'Hotel d'Aigle!"

"And I am not misinformed, Monsieur, that that mountain there is the Eisenhorn? Nor am I mistaken that this is Switzerland?"

"*Oui, oui.* Ah! *Non!* *Non*, madame!"

"Thank you. Then listen. Hotel d'Aigle, Eisenhorn. Rooms two and one-half to three francs; breakfast, one franc; dinner, two and one-half francs!

"I understood, Monsieur"—she pointed with one rebuking forefinger to the place in the book and swung her black-rimmed *pince-nez* coolly from their cord—"I understand, Monsieur, that the prices—your *tarifs*—given in this book are those furnished by the proprietors themselves. Do you think it honorable—*honest*, sir," she forgot her careful "monsieur" in her earnestness, "to give the guide-books a fair price to get us coming here, and then, after we've spent our fare and can't get away anyhow, to cheat us for three times the amount?"

Seaton hid himself more carefully behind the double-page illustrating the King's garden-party at Windsor. How can an American, no matter what personal pains he may take to appear well, ever succeed in obtaining respect upon the Continent when such specimens of his people take advantage of the low rates to track over Europe? And if they persisted in coming to the same hotels with one—hotels which they couldn't afford—it was as well they were embarrassed at the outset. Seaton wasn't there to help them out. This woman—even her fellow "trippers" were openly ashamed of her. Two of them—the youngest—were flushing painfully as he glanced at them, and the other three were plainly uncomfortable.

"Ah!" the Frenchman had turned over the book. "Ze guide-*book!* Ah! Eet is *cinq*—five year old, madame! Ah! You come with five-year-old *tarif* and call me dishone*rab'*, dishon*est*, *cheat!*"

"So?" the other met him at once. "So you *had* fair prices a few years ago—long enough to get us Americans coming—and then, when you'd got us you put them up? I've heard of such tricks!"

"Monsieur! Meestaire Seeton! Meestaire Seeton!" The Frenchman jerked away from the controversy hopelessly and called the American to his aid. "You will pardonne—you will so greatly oblige—zees la*deez*, they—they are also Americaine, but they ——"

"Oh, there's an American here?" The opponent at once took the advantage again by her sigh of relief.

"You're an American?" She stepped briskly in front of the Frenchman as Seaton arose. "I'm an American, too!" extending one hand confidently and with the other touching proudly, but rather superfluously, the little flag pinned upon her jacket. With a shudder Seaton glanced toward the rest of the invaders, only to see them as patriotically decked. Even the two youngest, who—at first sight—appeared not entirely "impossible," wore enameled shield-and-eagle pins upon their collars.

"I'm—I'm from—the East," Seaton acknowledged.

"And we're from the West!" The woman clasped his hand cordially. "From Nebraska, I am, just north of the Kansas line. I thought," she adjusted her glasses critically, "I thought, when you got up, that no Omaha or Sioux City tailor made those clothes. No; and you didn't measure yourself with a string and send your dimensions to Chicago for 'em either. New York?"

The proprietor behind shut off retreat. Moreover, the grip on his hand was not yet entirely released. And, after one has spent many weeks and more guineas with the most especially appointed-to-the-King wool architect in Bond Street having one's garment "built," one naturally hungers for the recognition that those garments—if carefully scrutinized—can be distinguished from the product of Sioux City or those cut in the Chicago mail-order houses.

"I am from—Philadelphia," Seaton granted at last.

"Then you *are* an American!" Seaton's unreleased hand had to be shaken again. "Philadelphia! The Declaration, the Liberty Bell *and* the Constitution. Likely your great-grandfather signed the Declaration?"

"The difficulty here ——" Seaton tried to begin.

"Or at least helped beat the British?"

Seaton shuddered and dared not glance back at the English beside whom he had been sitting. Mention of our Revolution, in that manner, was, he knew, the worst possible "form"—not because the English happened to be beaten, of course, but because it was such a trivial affair and the English do not speak of it.

"The trouble here, which the proprietor has asked me to explain, Mrs. ——" Seaton stumbled in his confusion.

"Clark; Susan Clark, *Miss*, of Nebraska. Your name?"

"Seaton," he answered impatiently. "But the difficulty here, ladies," he turned to the others, "I could not well avoid hearing. You—your—representative was complaining of the charges asked because they conflict with those of the guide-book which, as you see, is out of date.

"The difficulty arises, as the proprietor was trying to tell you," he indicated the Frenchman, "from the fact that this present hotel takes the name of the old one—a cheap little inn which stood here. It was an extremely unpretentious place and asked those very low charges given in this book. It was torn down to give place to this hotel. For the service here the prices which the proprietor quotes you are neither unusual nor excessive." Then, with the slightest acknowledgment, he turned from his countrywomen. "That is all?" he bowed to the proprietor.

"Madame -pardonne! Mademoi*selle* now comprehends?" The Frenchman raised himself haughtily, finding the ally which he had summoned indeed his. "Mademoiselle has heard from also an American I have not trick you? Mademoiselle, you have heard from also your countryman I am not cheat? Do not—pray, do not apologize, Mademoiselle. Merely, if Mademoiselle and partie cannot pay zis *tarif*, doubtless some *châlet* may contrive . . . *Merci! Merci!* Monsieur!"

"Jolly good facer!" Seaton heard the approving tone of the first Englishman comment to the other as he resumed his seat.

"But, I sa-ay!" the mildly surprised drawl of the other warned Seaton to look up. Miss Clark, of Nebraska, just north of the Kansas line, was moving down upon him.

"We—I see now I was wrong, of course," she was saying. "But as we've got to stay here till morning, we're going to stay and make the best of it if we can't afford it," she went on cheerfully. "And, of course, we, being wrong, you had to side against us if we *were* Americans, too. Of course, it was embarrassing for you to have to; but we understand, and we'll all be right glad if you'd have dinner with us to-night. The hotel-keeper says you're alone and the only other American here. We're going to have two tables pushed together and make a party."

"Thanks," Seaton arose stiffly, helplessly, "awf'ly."

And even the English at his side could form no comment.

> There are no old maids in Kansas,
> There are no old maids in Kansas;
> When they get twenty-one, the sheriff gets a gun
> And shoots 'em just for fun in Kansas!

Two doors down the corridor, Miss Clark, of America, was singing. From the arrival of her party at one till now at seven o'clock she had urged them on relentlessly, indefatigably. The lake, waterfall and at least the foot of the mountain had been visited; and, if not the glacier, it had been carefully viewed through the telescope for fifty centimes the ten minutes. So, but for the extravagance of the five-dollar-a-day fare which all were now making the best of, another day had passed happily under her leadership. And, as she invigorated herself with cold, glacier water in preparation for the *diner* (eight francs whether she ate it or not) anon she sang.

As the verse ended Seaton heard from the other side voices unnoted before.

"But we *can't*, Mary. Oh, I can't bear it any better than you. But we *have* to, Mary. We're too young for the Continent alone. We'll have to stay."

"Oh, if something would only happen to her!"

"Jane!"

"I don't mean anything dreadful," hastily, "but, if she only just had to go home or something. I can't stand this!"

"She's just ruined everything for me. I don't see how I can show my face downstairs to-night. Oh, I'd give anything—half this trip—if only she didn't have to spoil the other half. Oh ——"

Seaton closed his door noiselessly and stole down.

"Did you note the—the chant above, the moment ago?" one of the Englishmen upon the stairs ahead of him was saying.

"Just after tubbing? Ex—extrawdinary theme now, wasn't it?"

"Rather. Where is that—Kansas now? Is it a—a province of theirs?"

"In the West, I take it. I say, do you suppose they really do it?"

"*Execute* the spinsters, you bally ass?"

"Reckon them spinsters—old maids at twenty-one, of course, I meant. Why, in England, a girl of twenty-one is only a lass yet. Of course in India . . . but, you know, I fancied America, even their West, was rather ——"

Dodging to let the Englishmen into the dining-room before him, the moment sufficed to admit his compatriots, too.

"Mr. Seaton! Come right over, Mr. Seaton!" Miss Clark, of Nebraska, opened relations at once as she waved her napkin heartily. "We're over here, and a place waiting for you. You didn't look to see us back so soon?"

"Oh, yes; I—heard you upstairs."

"Did you? But, of course, your room is only one beyond the next, isn't it? Mrs. Carson feared somebody might hear. But law, *I* ain't sensitive about it, and I'm the only one *to* be. Why, if I lived ten miles south of the Kansas line instead of north, the town would have to be talking of renewing my headstone before now; but Mrs. Carson here, and Mrs. Raymond opposite, and Mrs. Sanders there at the end have all been Mrses. these twenty years; and those two at the end, Mr. Seaton, Miss Harris and Mary Moore, though *yet* unmarried, if they *did* live in Kansas wouldn't have given the geraniums over them any sort of a start by now. Girls, Mr. Seaton, of Philadelphia. Sit right down, Mr. Seaton."

"Thanks; but really I ——"

"If you've been eating these dollar-sixty meals so long you're tired of 'em, don't worry we'll feel held back on that account," Miss Clark helped herself consistently. "So, sit right down. You ——"

"You are guiding this party about Europe, Miss Clark?" Seaton steered her off weakly.

"Oh, I have the making of most of the arrangements and *some* voice in the deciding where to go," Miss Clark replied modestly. "But, if you mean I'm taking money to do it, I'm not. We're all paying our own way. I've heard, of course, that lots of women -not better equipped than I am—make their own expenses and more by doing no more for their parties than I do for this. But I'd rather do it just as an accommodation. But then, I guess most of those have been over before."

"You haven't?" Seaton tried to feign surprise.

"No; but *wanting* to be and reading up on Europe and *preparing* ever since—well, almost since Nebraska was admitted to the Union. Not quite—but al*most*. Why, back when I was a little girl, I remember wanting to come and begging pa to take me. But he never even took himself. Then I thought I'd go on my honeymoon. But I never even got a honeymoon. Then I guessed a rich relative'd take me. But never a relative even got rich. And, then—I forget all the other schemes I had, but none of 'em amounted to much except the one of earning and saving for myself, which I had at last. And—I'm here."

"So these ladies were friends of yours, then?" Seaton asked to stave off anything more dangerous as Miss Clark was ready to talk again.

"They *weren't*, but they are now. Ain't we?" she nodded about the table. "There wasn't many in Fairview ready to go when I got started, but I knew that, with the condition of Nebraska during the last five years and the low rates on the steamers now, there must be lots able *and* willing to go, if anybody'd start 'em. So I ran this," she drew a slip proudly from her pocketbook, and read:

"'A maiden lady, teacher in Plains County schools for over thirty years, never in Europe, but equipped with good knowledge of German, some French and acquaintance with historical epochs and modern customs, is willing to take a party of Nebraska and Kansas ladies through Europe without charge whatever for her services. The lady, herself anxious to take advantage of the present low European rates, and not wishing to travel alone, offers the advantages of her long study and preparation gratis to the right parties for the pleasure of their company.'

"That's me, and these are the 'right parties.' Every one able and wishing to go; but had to wait for an old maid, who has been taking care of herself thirty-four years, to start them. Would you believe ——

"And now, Mr. Seaton, the rest of us'd better pack. But you *girls* needn't come right away. I'll do the preliminary straightening for you.

"And, Mr. Seaton! I know all their townfolks expect them to bring home a duke or a count at *least*—law, the Fairview folks even told *me* that—but I'm sure they'd welcome a nice American just as quick, though it *would* be carrying coals to Newcastle to fetch one from Europe, wouldn't it?"

"But, Jane, I must do it. I——"

"You don't have to at all!"

"But you don't know how it is. You don't know half. I *must*, Jane!"

"Then I shall share with you. You know I sha'n't let you do it alone. But, Mary, it's so unjust! Oh, it's just judgment upon her, that's what it is. Oh, I don't know how I ever got up from that table! Oh, it's just judgment upon her for that and—and all the rest. Why, Mary, you yourself were just *praying* for something to happen to make her go home -to get rid of her. And it's happened, don't you see? It's happened and we're rid of her. It's judgment!"

Seaton, who at that moment had entered his room, checked the cough which would have betrayed his presence to those on the other side of the thin panel. Half an hour before, while he stammered awkwardly, with flushed faces and lips bitten white to keep from breaking down before they could gain their room, the girls had fled after their persecutor. But, meanwhile, something, the tone as well as the words told him, had happened. He listened not entirely curiously.

"It *is* judgment, Jane," the other voice replied more quietly now. "I—I didn't think of it that way before. It *is* judgment."

"Then——"

"But not on *her*, Jane; it's on *us* for wishing her home. Don't you see? We wished—we wished she'd have to go back, that something would happen to her. And it's happened. It's judgment on us!"

"On *us*?"

"Don't you—see?"

"Oh, Mary, if—if she'd had an accident or somebody died or or something dreadful happened, it might be. But this was just meant for her to go home, don't you see? It wasn't something terrible; it couldn't have come easier than this—just losing her money!"

"Easier? Not something terrible? Oh, Jane!"

"I don't care!"

"You don't *know*. You haven't seen her. And she's got to go home, and you and I wished it and ——

"'Don't you take on so, M's Carson,' she was saying to Mrs. Carson, just as if *she* was the one who'd lost all her money. 'And here's Mary Moore!' she petted *me* then in that clumsy, funny way she does. 'Why, Mary, don't you feel bad. You feel worse than I do; honest, you do.' She tried to laugh at me. And then she made us both sit down, and she told us a story to prove it, like she always does.

"'Mary,' she said, 'there was a woman-friend of mine in Fairview, M's Thomason'—you know how funny she says M's, Jane—'who lost her first baby. And she cried and was so broken up I thought she'd never get over it. But pretty soon she perked up, and when the next baby came she just *lived* again raising that. And then *it* up and died. That almost killed her, and when the third came and it died I thought that *would* kill her. But, do you know, she hardly felt bad at all; she just *knew* she'd lose it, and when she did it was only what she was expecting, and it couldn't come like a shock.

"'And, Mary,' she told me, 'ever since I felt for that little bag and found it gone I've been understanding M's Thomason. I don't mean to compare this little deprivation of mine with her loss; but I never did expect to have this trip. When my cousin stole the money the first time—over twenty years ago I cried and it broke me all up; and then, when I'd saved again and the bank failed, that almost *killed* me then. But this—why, child, I can't cry a tear if I tried. I *knew* I'd never have this trip. So don't red your eyes over me!' And she wiped my face, and she *had* been crying, in spite of what she said, for her handkerchief was wet, and, when I found out, she tried to hide it; and she ——"

"Her—her money was stolen? She lost it in a—a failure? You mean——"

"Did you believe what she was telling about her waiting around for others to bring her over here. Oh, Janey, that

Miss Harris

was just *her* society lie. She never looked to any one else since she was sixteen. The only real part of that story was about her wanting to come over here. She told me that night I was so sick on the boat and couldn't laugh at funny things how she's saved only twenty or thirty dollars some years; but after fourteen years, the first time, she thought she had enough, and found out that her cousin, who'd been taking care of it, had only been robbing her.

"Then she started over again, taking five and ten dollars a month off her board and clothes when she could. We think we've worked, Jane; but we went to Normal School and taught high-school classes. But she's only had country schools, three hundred dollars a year and board. But she saved up in a bank this time, and then it failed. So she began again—taking more out of her board money and having fewer things, for she hadn't so much time now -and every dollar she saved she kept with her. She told *you*, maybe, that she was carrying the currency because she had pride in showing the American dollar good everywhere; but the reason was she wasn't taking any chances this time. She wouldn't even buy travelers' checks. And now——"

"Fourteen years the first time," the other was reckoning dully, "then twelve, then eight. Thirty-four years!"

"And I don't care *what* she says or does, she's *dear* and brave and *sweet!* Yes, she is. Think, she's taken it three times out of her three hundred dollars a year to get here. Three times, and she's waited thirty-four years," Seaton had to hear it again, "and you and I and—and the rest, we expected her to act like the others who never—we expected her to——"

"But—but isn't there *any* chance of it being found?" the other's voice in a changed tone was asking now. "But she's so proud; she won't take it from us; she——"

"You *dear!* Oh, you dear!" the first voice interrupted again. "I knew you would. Two hundred and fifty to make up—she only lost the money; her tickets and everything else were in her handbag makes only a hundred and twenty-five apiece, and then we'll have almost as much more—over a hundred dollars apiece for ourselves. See; we can cash these checks right here. Look, this hotel's on the list. And, then we can fix it up so she won't suspect. We can stay a month more ourselves and then make some excuse and—let's sign them now. Come!"

"One, two, three . . . ten, thirty, forty——" The other voice tried to count hers off as bravely.

"Here, Janey!" the stronger voice said suddenly again. There was a sudden tearing sound as she took up the other's book of travelers' checks. "There, now; they're all torn off at once and it'll be easier!"

Seaton opened his door and went out noiselessly.

"Mademoiselles!" Monsieur le Propriétaire met them smiling ten minutes later as, with carefully dried eyes, they made their way to the office. "I have good news for your party. Madame Mees Clark; she is where, mademoiselles? She will oblige—she will come to ze office? For ze monee, mademoiselles, it has been found! If only Mees Clark

"Ah, Mees Clark!" He bowed effusively as the older woman entered. "Ze propriétaire, madame, of the restaurant on ze mountaine where you have ze tea, he has telephone to me that a guide have given to him two hundred and fifty dollar in American monee, madame, with ze name and all as you have said. You will do him ze great oblige, madame, by taking from me ze French or Swiss monee for ze same amount?"

Seaton watched silently from afar, as, the Frenchman well holding his part, the astonishment and incredulity upon his countrywoman's face changed to joy, and, unashamed, she wiped her eyes with the back of her hand.

"Oh oh!" she said incoherently as the proprietor respectfully counted out the crackling hundred-franc notes.

"For the honest guide, monsieur!" she was pushing back a half of them. "For the fine, honest man!"

"But, madame—madame, ze guide—ze guide, he—Meestaire Seeton! Meestaire Seeton!" he appealed before this unexpected move.

"The proprietor is quite right, Miss Clark," Seaton found himself speaking gladly on equality with the other "I—I happen to know the guide well," he ran on, his confusion unnoticed in the general confusion. "I assure you he would feel hurt; . . . but a present? Yes. I will gladly take something I am going to have him again to-morrow. . . . Oh, just a souvenir. . . . That flag; yes, that flag would be just the thing. A souvenir of America!"

"You're—you're real kind!" Susan Clark, Miss, of Nebraska, just north of the Kansas line, grasped his hand a few moments later. "You're real kind; I knew you were. I told the girls you didn't mean anything that time at -at first. You're real kind," she repeated. "And I knew you were; you only needed ——"

"I say," the taller Englishman volunteered as, in spite of the spray under the Eisenfall, he at last succeeded in striking a match. "I say," he drew carefully upon his pipe, "do you know the American, the decent, tall chap that's been the fortnight here?"

"The one from -their capital, isn't it?"

"From Washington?"

"Skittles; Washington *is* their capital now. At any rate, the chap next our table, you mean? Has he been here the fortnight?"

"Quite, isn't it? You know, rather good chap that, I fancied."

"I thought rather."

"But do you know he bears a bit of an American banner about with him?"

"A banner? Like the trippers, you mean?"

"Oh, quite! And, I say, I had fancied him so rather a different sort of chap."

"Fancied rather meself, too. But one never can tell."

"One can't," resignedly. "But let's on. Do you know, when it comes to a point, I more than half believe even the—the best of them have still a good bit in common with the rest, the Americans! What?"

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¶ If ignorance is bliss, there are a lot of happy high financiers in the world.

The Keen Edge of Current Politics

IF YOU should call in a class of sixth-grade schoolboys and inform them that, as a reward of merit, they might take their choice between a square of cardboard tastefully embroidered with the motto, "Home, Sweet Home," in green worsted, and a hymn-book, you would see them exhibit all that boundless enthusiasm which now characterizes the Republican campaign for the Presidency.

"We, the Republicans of Indiana, in biennial love feast assembled, send felicitations to Charles W. Fairbanks, and turn to him for leadership in the pending Presidential campaign," et cetera, et cetera.

A moment after this resolution was duly passed, Senator Beveridge, in the chair, awoke with a start and saved himself in the nick of time from inquiring whether breakfast was ready.

A gathering of faithful wheel-horses in Pennsylvania or Illinois confidently presents the name of that able statesman, Philander Knox, or that sagacious leader, Joseph Cannon, and, when the impassioned orator pauses to draw breath, delegates may be heard taking the opinions of their neighbors as to whether it is likely to snow to-morrow, or what is the best remedy for chilblains.

We learn of one discussion which, in comparison with the general tone, proceeded to a pitch that might fairly be called acrimonious—the subject of the dispute being whether Mr. Taft weighed three hundred pounds or only two hundred and fifty.

Of course, the President is to blame. Ask your sixth-grade boy, while the grand street parade is still glittering by, what is going to happen the day after the circus. His state of mind on that point will quite accurately correspond with the state of mind of the rank and file of the Republican party, at this writing, as to who shall be Theodore's successor.

Who Pays for the Railroads?

THE annual report of the Union Pacific Railway is noteworthy. Not so much because it shows that, in the ten years since reorganization, with an increase of six per cent. in miles of road operated, gross earnings have increased from $33,281,126 to $87,474,766, or one hundred and sixty per cent., and net earnings from $13,700,835 to $44,829,543, or two hundred and twenty-seven per cent., as because in this document President Harriman, for the first time, tells stockholders the details of those vast operations in the stocks of other roads, conducted with their money and credit, which he has been carrying on for the last six years.

Stockholders now know at what price Mr. Harriman bought for them various shares involving an aggregate investment of $214,897,362, and at what price he sold for them shares of a total value of $117,869,800. We judge it will be a satisfaction to them to know.

During the decade, as the report shows, surplus profits of the road, over and above all charges and the regular dividends, amounted to $116,352,865, which, in one form or another, have been put back into the property. For additions, betterments and extensions there has been expended $104,427,986.

The original cost of constructing the Union Pacific, according to testimony before Congress, was $50,720,959. The Federal Government donated lands and loaned its bonds to an amount substantially equal to this cost. In the last decade more than twice this cost of the original line has been available for improving and extending the present system, without the contribution of a single dollar by stockholders or the creation of a penny of debt—all surplus profits.

Everybody knows who owns the railroads. Information as to who pays for them is less extensive and exact.

Winter Reading for the Farmer

A VALUED contemporary, devoted to the interests of the soil, counsels farmers to improve the long winter evenings by reading good books on agriculture. It seems to us shocking advice.

In the country the winter evening begins at five o'clock and lasts to any time before sun-up. Nobody will intrude. The very dog at the hearth will hardly yawn merely blink and languidly wag his tail when the clock strikes. Here is a secure wealth of time that one may be prodigal of. That constitutes its joy. Every evening is exactly as though another opulent but unloved great-uncle had died and left one a rich inheritance of hours which one might spend without stint and without remorse.

There is a kind of miserliness in devoting winter evenings in the country to improving works. One should meet Nature's prodigality of time in her own spendthrift spirit. One should read Dryden, Addison, Paradise Regained, Faith Abounding, Sir Charles Grandison, Lancelot Greaves, Burke's Speeches, Southey—those immortal dullnesses which nobody can read with a quiet conscience when he feels any responsibility for the time he is wasting.

What do hibernating bears read in winter? It is strange that none of Mr. Roosevelt's admired brother naturalists has given us a symposium by fifty eminent bears on The Best Books for Winter. But we can supply the defect. Snugly sealed in the hollow tree, with a vexatious world shut out until spring, Bruin, undoubtedly, with a slow chuckle of lazy content, takes down a set of British Classics.

Enforcing the Laws

THE president of the Distillers' Securities Corporation—colloquially known as the Whisky Trust—has sent stockholders a statement of the condition of the company. It contains this paragraph:

"With reference to the Prohibition movements, it is unnecessary to go into details; but it can be stated as a fact, based upon long experience and statistics, that all attempts to regulate the traffic by statute, and the enforcement of restrictive legislation, invariably have resulted in an increase in the per-capita consumption in the State affected. The effect of Prohibition laws is only to change the channels and methods of distribution."

We recommend this paragraph very earnestly to the consideration of Prohibition communities. Where a majority of the citizens place any law on the statute-books they should make it their business to see that the law is enforced.

New Rules for Old Bankers

NO STATE bank or trust company should be organized in New York without the consent of the State superintendent, and he should examine carefully the reputation of the organizers before granting such permission.

Without his consent no bank or trust company should be permitted to buy control of any other bank or trust company. No bank or trust company should be permitted to loan, upon the stock of any other bank or trust company, an amount exceeding ten per cent. of the total stock of such institution; and no loan upon collateral to any one person or interest should exceed twenty-five per cent. of the bank's capital. A deposit of funds by one bank with another bank for the purpose of creating a credit for the depositing bank's officers or directors should be a misdemeanor. Participation by banks or trust companies in syndicate underwritings should be restricted.

These are no muckrakings, but recommendations by five eminent, able and conservative New York bankers whom Governor Hughes selected to consider the subject. Had these recommendations been the law as to all banks, and had the law been enforced in October last, and prior thereto, we should have been spared the Morse-Heinze episode, and business would have been a little better in Oregon, Texas, Minnesota, Maine and other places.

The Fashion in Armor-Belts

UPON the army and navy we spend a quarter of a billion dollars annually, or about as much as the net ordinary revenues of the Government thirty years ago.

That is an item of some gravity, even in good times, and, on the ground of cost alone, the military establishments might be taken with considerable seriousness. The fact that the public in the main takes them as a joke shows how confident we are of our own power and how thoroughly we are devoted to peace. A nation that anywhere harbored a truculent inclination would feel differently about its arms.

For a long time persons whose technical education and experience might be supposed to carry weight have criticised the navy in terms that might be expected to arouse some attention. Yet public interest in the subject is small in quantity and jocular in quality. If the armor-belt on our battleships is below the water-line where it will do no good, we simply thank Providence that the designers did not lay it along the keel or gracefully festoon it over the smokestacks.

A battleship is something that nobody knows very much about. Battles—such as there have never yet been—between two modern fleets that met on fairly even terms may revolutionize naval construction in a manner that no one now thinks of. Meanwhile, for the purpose of fighting battles on paper, tonnage is all that counts, and an armor-belt below the water-line weighs as many tons as one above it.

Extracting Death's Sting

WOULD you prefer to die by tetanus, sarcoma, endocarditis, gastritis or hanging? We can arrange the doom for you in any of these modes without any trouble whatever. All that is necessary is to take the mortuary statistics of a large city, or of several cities, for 1907, and compare them with the like statistics for some preceding years.

In the report that happens to be handiest, deaths from tetanus increased twenty per cent. in a year; from sarcoma, fifty-two per cent.; from endocarditis, thirty-five per cent.; from gastritis, twenty-two per cent., and from hanging to the simply paralyzing extent of four hundred per cent.!

The population of this city increases at the rate of only three per cent. a year. With deaths from the causes mentioned increasing six to one hundred and thirty-three times that fast, any mathematician can figure out for you exactly how long it will be before the last inhabitant must, if he is a Christian, postpone hanging himself in order to give decent burial to the last victim of sarcoma.

There must be a considerable appetite for these ghastly fantasies in figures, because they appear quite constantly in the daily press. We offer this one to whoever may enjoy a good, hard shudder. We hope it will not abate a single attack of goose-flesh if we add that the number of persons hanged in the city was, in fact, five, against one the year before, and that the average death rate, as in practically every other city, is constantly falling.

Able and Anxious for Business

CONSOLIDATED returns of the condition of all the national banks of the United States on December 3—six weeks after the crisis in New York—show that, as compared with August 22, the date of the last previous report, individual deposits decreased three per cent. Some shrinkage would normally be expected between the two dates, the period covered being that in which there is always a strong demand for money for crop-moving purposes.

The fact is that, outside of New York, practically nobody was frightened except the bankers themselves.

Cash on hand decreased less than seven per cent., which, again, is not so extraordinary for that season. As compared with November 12, 1906, deposits are smaller by a little over two per cent., and cash on hand greater by more than five per cent. To turn back five years, deposits are greater by a thousand million dollars, and cash on hand by one hundred and seventy millions.

We have no doubt that the country is able and anxious to do business.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Wit makes enemies, humor friends.

¶ Never wish a writer "many happy returns."

¶ Only the perfect braggart boasts of his good luck.

¶ The fellow who can't get a job is usually afraid of it.

¶ The girl who is a bird is generally associated with bills.

¶ Everybody likes flattery and everybody loathes the flatterer.

¶ This is the season when even the weather-man admits that he has seen better days.

¶ The longer you know the world the less do you dare to presume on the acquaintance.

¶ The war for bread is terrible, but it isn't half so unscrupulous as the war for jam on the bread.

¶ The man who uses his religion for business purposes will need all his business training to save his religious capital.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Man with the Punch

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, of Mississippi, is a many-sided man. Everybody who writes about him must say that. It is one of the rules of the order, and any reference to John Sharp as one-sided, or two-sided, or lopsided, instead of many-sided, cancels your union card. He is many-sided. That is agreed. Likewise, he recently dug up another side for the contemplation of mankind. While we have all known the bewildering number of facets on John Sharp, not many suspected there was a pugilistic one.

Fact, though. John Sharp was there with the punch. When David Albaugh De Armond, of Missouri, alleged, on the floor of the House of Representatives, that John Sharp was—well, he used the short and ugly word John Sharp went into action and handed David Albaugh one that shifted, to some extent, a few of the classic De Armond features, and brought reprisal on the indurated cheek of John Sharp in the way of a long scratch from the polished De Armond nails. All of which goes to show several things, and along with them are these: Have we not fallen on effete and mournful days when a sturdy citizen of Butler, Missouri, uses his nails instead of his knife in an argument between gentlemen? Is it possible that manicuring has become the rage in Butler? And does not any person, even John Sharp, deserve well of his fellow-men for provoking from De Armond something vocal, no matter how short and ugly, besides a dreary, declamatory speech on the Constitution of the United States, in its specific relation to a man who wants to be leader, but can find no one who wants him to have what he wants?

That last was worth much, even the bloodied nose, or cheek, rather, that John Sharp bore in triumph with him to his corner, after the bystanders had separated these two gladioluses—no, not so—gladiators. There have been times in the House when John Sharp seemed a bit tenuous and tiresome, but De Armond's dry discourse cannot be passed through the phonographs of the official reporters without the use of emollients.

But, returning to the many-sidedness of John Sharp, it is positively amazing to note how versatile he is. He can sing a story and tell a song and raise cotton, and make a speech and write poetry and recite it, and be satirical as the very old Ned; and sarcastic—so sarcastic he can make you cry with rage and chagrin because you can't think of anything to say back—and eloquent and humorous and witty; and he is the only living human being who went to Heidelberg at a time approximating ten years either way of the time the Kaiser went there, who does not claim to have been a classmate of his.

John Sharp is the Democratic leader of the House—that is, he is the man who protests against the outrages the Juggernaut majority perpetrates on the helpless minority. John Sharp can protest against an outrage in a way that makes the galleries dissolve in tears, but has no effect on the majority, who sit on the floor, inasmuch as the tear ducts of those fiends in human form dried up years and years ago. It is always a nice, moist occasion when John Sharp gets up in his seat, addresses the Speaker and proceeds to detail to the world the woes of the minority which he so ably represents. Take it from him, and the majority spends its time in beating the minority to a pulp with a spiked club and heeds not the wails that come from John Sharp.

Thomas Jefferson the Ancient Standby

THE position of the ruthless majority, headed by the Speaker, is crass and annoying. As John Sharp has frequently announced, it is glorious to have a giant's strength, but pretty durn mean to use it like a giant, or words to that bitter effect. "Besides," he is wont to remark, "you cannot do these things."

"We grant you that," says the majority, "but we have done them."

There he stands, day after day, pleading with the Republicans to desist in their mad effort to wreck the country, to quit scuttling the Ship of State and go back to the practices of our ancestors, than whom we have no nobler type than the late Thomas Jefferson. The minority would be in a bad hole if Thomas Jefferson was not there as a standby, to point at and talk about when it comes to protesting against the actions of the Republicans, who take no heed of the morrow, nor of all the yesterdays, but who are most emphatically concerned in to-day and who have the votes.

This purely utilitarian view of the matter grieves John Sharp. He has the sensitive soul of a poet, barring that slant he showed when he uppercut De Armond, and he deprecates this brutal assumption of power by those heedless followers of Speaker Cannon, who, as has been said, and never more frequently than to John Sharp, have the votes and a neat and commodious method of putting the gag on patriots, including John Sharp, who lift their voices against their practices. To be sure, they let John Sharp lift his voice oftener than they allow any other member of the minority to practice such gymnastics, but even John Sharp isn't given so much exercise that he gets stale.

John Sharp rallies to his duty day after day. He points out to the members of the reckless opposition that they are bound to humble this glorious Republic to the dust unless they halt in their mad careers and come to a realizing sense of their own delinquencies. He knows he isn't getting anywhere, but he does it from sheer fealty to duty. Then he stands with bowed head, waiting for the machine to run over him, and it always does. Next day he is there again, and next day the machine comes along at the appointed hour and flattens him. It is now a habit, both with John Sharp and the machine.

John Sharp's two long suits are sarcasm and satire. He can hurl shafts of either or both and hit the mark every time. The mark is always the opposition. John Sharp some days sticks so many javelins of biting sarc. and sat. into the opposition that every individual on the floor looks like a porcupine. The way he hands it to them is something awful at times. He shows no mercy. Jab, jab, jab, and jab and jab again. You would think the majority chaps would be so sore they would rush out of range of those shafts. They do not, however. They sit in sullen silence, regardless, even, of the fine literary style of their excoriations, and paying slight attention to the classical allusions and the apt quotations from the scorpion-penned satirists of other days. They take what is coming to them, and then, with loud cries, fall on John Sharp and rend him, put it all over him, brutes that they are, with no literary discrimination, but having the strength.

There have been times when, in hoarse whispers, certain members of the Democracy have alleged that more might be doing for the Democrats if there wasn't so much literary polish about the efforts of their leader, and a little more raw beef. That merely shows it is possible for even so useless a person as a minority member to be jealous; for leading that minority is tough enough when viewed in any light, and it would seem that the man who is leading should be allowed to lead in his own way.

John Sharp prefers to be literary about it. He is literary about everything. He likes to write a sonnet about a ruling by Uncle Joe Cannon, and, from time to time, he lets go chunks of epic about tariff revision and things of that sort. Occasionally he reads one of his poems in the House. They are beautiful, but there isn't a man on the other side who knows whether Keats was a poet or a new kind of breakfast food, and what is the use?

These carpers have made no progress. John Sharp was elected unanimously again when this Congress met, and he is again leading, with his stock of literary goods new and fresh, and his courage undaunted and unafraid. He knows that, day after day, between now and adjournment, he will be jammed in a corner by that majority, jammed there and jumped on, but he has set his sarcasm to the task and will not falter. His protests against the indignities of the rules will be framed in good English, enriched with such quotations as will show his erudition, and he will flay all persons who seem to need skinning. Meantime, he has no delusions about what will happen to him. He knows the majority will do exactly as it pleases; but, if he can have some fun while these outrages are being perpetrated, he intends to have it.

All of which shows that John Sharp has a sense of humor, and that is why many of those Democrats who sit around him cannot understand him. A sense of humor is fatal in Congress, it has often been averred. They name, gloomily, men who knew a joke, and ask, Where are they now? Most of them are dead, and there is no answer, but the examples serve to make the point. Meantime, John Sharp hasn't been so all-fired humorous that he has lost much, for he is elected to the Senate and will take his seat in 1909.

John S. Williams
He is So Sarcastic He Can Make You Cry with Rage

From the Eating-House Viewpoint

REPRESENTATIVE FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, of Washington, the humorist of the House, was born in Iowa. When he was a boy he and a friend started west. They walked. The going was not very good, and, when they reached Omaha, Cushman's friend decided that was far enough west for him and stayed. Cushman stayed for a time, too, and both of the emigrants got jobs as waiters in the railroad eating-house. After Cushman had saved a little money he went on to Washington. His friend decided to stay in the eating-house, and so they separated. When Cushman had been elected to Congress the first time he stopped off at Omaha and found his friend still working in the eating-house.

"What are you doing now, Frank?" the old friend asked.

"Why, I am living in Washington and I am a Congressman now. I have been elected to Congress."

"You don't say," commented the friend. "Ain't you sorry you didn't stay here? You might have been boss of this eating-house if you hadn't gone trapesing off there farther west."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, has a passion for red waistcoats.

¶ Senator Culberson, of Texas, likes welsh rabbits, and eats them several times a week.

¶ Jonathan Bourne, the new Senator from Oregon, raises apples, and sends crates of them to his colleagues.

¶ Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador, has a liking for American slang, and can use it skillfully when he likes.

¶ Elihu Root, Secretary of State, is fussy about having the barber bang his front hair just right. He always wears it that way.

¶ Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, who tried to beat John Sharp Williams for the Senate, wears his hair so long he might braid it.

¶ When James Gordon Bennett, owner of the New York Herald, comes to this country—as he does about once in three years—he brings two cows on his private yacht for his personal milk supply.

¶ Frank O. Lowden, son-in-law of George M. Pullman, and a Representative in Congress from Illinois, is a farmer who loves the simple life. He has a farm of a few thousand acres in Illinois, and his farmhouse isn't much bigger than the Waldorf-Astoria.

The Trincomalee's Resurrection

By MORLEY ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. ASHLEY

"I'M GOIN' as straight as I can," said old Partridge, the skipper of the bark Trincomalee, "fer that's my idea of sailorizin', and all this talk of fancy passages, and the longest way round bein' the shortest way there, is rot. I maintain it is rot. I'm a proper pilot by nature."

He was a hairy-faced, ancient ruffian with the taste for strong waters so common among the old school of seamen. He had been to sea for the best part of fifty years and he believed that what he did not know was not worth learning. What he did not know about rum and bad language of a purely British type was certainly a negligible quantity, and he prided himself that it was so.

"Rum I learnt in the West Injies," said he; "and as for cussin', it was always a gift in the family. My father was a 'oly terror at it and my brother Bill was likewise. To my brother Bill I could not 'old a candle. But on rum I'm an hexpert, and no fatal error."

He instructed Mason, his chief mate, in his notions of the right way to get to Sydney with a cargo of rice and tea from Fuchau. And it has to be said that his ideas were sound enough if it hadn't been for his unseamanlike propensity to run everything fine, from another vessel to a headland. As Mason said to the second greaser, a happy and reckless boy, the "old man" liked cutting off corners.

"He gets so blind that he can see a clear passage and bold water between any lighthouse and the land it's built on," said Mason.

But old Partridge was quite happy.

"Well," said the "old man," "'ere we are in the month of October and we'll p'int 'er nose for the nor'ard of Formosa and away we goes with a nor'east monsoon. If them Haustralians wants tea and rice they can 'ave 'em. To my notion, they hain't food, but only stuff fit for Klings and Chinkies. But away we goes. I know my way about, what ho!"

When Partridge was not brutal he was apt to fall to weeping, saying that he was an unfortunate man and badly used by every one and everything in the universe. He abused the owners very often, the weather if it blew too much or too little, and his mates all the time.

"You asks w'y I kicks beecos' the weather ain't wot I'd like it," said Partridge as he wept and gave Mason a southerly course when he was clear of high and lonely Formosa. "I kicks beecos' it ain't just so. Is it much for a man to ask for it to be just so *once* in a while? Is an unfortnit' and 'ardworkin' and well-deservin' skipper in a blasted old tub like this to 'ave no choice between 'urricanes and dead calms? I asks that and I gets no answer. Oh, I wish my old woman wouldn't put 'er infernal oar in w'en I chooses of my mates! She says to me presumpshus and very determined: 'You will take Sam Mason as mate and Tommy Trundle as second, or I'll know the reason w'y.' And for peace—me bein' of an 'eavenly nature in my own 'ouse, as every man ought to be—I gives in and I takes you. Next v'y'ge I'll be firm if it costs me a sleepless night an' the old girl talkin' from ten o'clock till seven in the mornin', and I'll not choose them as comes to tea, bein' part after my girls and more after a job. I says that, Mason, and I says that, Trundle. I knows you both too well, and, therefore, you don't 'ave the rightful respect for me that you ought to, and so I think I'll turn in. I'm a very un'appy old man with a pair of sad misfits for mates."

He went down below weeping.

"The old blighter!" said Trundle, as he left the deck, to Mason. "The miserable old howling monkey! He'll be a terror to-morrow."

For after he wept the skipper was always a sea-devil of the worst and most obstinate kind.

"I wonder how an old swab like that ever had a daughter like my Mary," sighed the mate as he watched the light die away in the west. "Ah, Mary is a darling, and the old girl knew what she was about when she asked me to come along with this old devil and be his nurse. But he gets more contrary and obstinate every day. He'll cut off corners once too often."

But it has to be owned that luck was with the old Turk for a long time. It is true that he shaved all the corners that he could, and from a seaman's point of view behaved as much like a drunken driver of a hansom cab as it was possible to behave. He slammed his bull head into the Ladrone Islands with a strong gale behind him, nearly taking away a bit of Guam from the United States, and found kindly and leading winds to take the old bark through the net of the Carolines, where he had no business to be. He had still less business to be found so far east of the Solomon Islands, but in his passion for a straight line he nearly piled up his ship on the Louisiades.

"They are all head-hunters here," said the mate to Trundle; "but I'll bet the whole cargo to a grain of rice that the natives here have no head to match the old man's."

The Skipper Reached for the Nearest Thing Handy

"'Oo's commandin' this 'ere noble old thousand-ton tank but me?" asked the old chap. "I've the winds I demands now for once in a way. A merciful Providence looks from the bridge of 'eaven on the old Trincomalee and says: 'Wot, pore old Partridge, that we've badgered through a long and painstakin' career as a seaman of the old sort, 'as bin provided by his missis with mates that ain't worth the salt that they eats in their beef! This time we'll give the pore old man a chance, and instead of bedevillin' the pore old broken-'earted buffer with dead calms or cyclones and nothin' to speak of in between 'em, we'll supply the weary old man with the best in the wind market, all leadin' winds and the best class of trades and fine workin' breezes up to sample of the 'ighest class, as we said afore, so that them bounders of mates won't 'ave the least excuse for piling of the good old Trincomalee up.'"

He went below and fell asleep. Mason muttered to himself, but, having no choice with a skipper of that sort, he kept the Trincomalee on the course that had been given him. It was straight as a ruler could make it on a Mercator's chart for Sandy Cape, which, as every one knows, is the north point of Great Sandy Island.

"If the old man drank less and relied on observations and me it would be better for him," said Mason. "When I go on with my letter to Mary I shall have more trouble to tell her."

He went on with that letter when he was relieved at midnight by the second greaser. He sucked a hair free from his pen and launched out.

"I continue my letter to you, deer Mary," wrote Sam Mason, "and I hope you are more peaceful in your mind than I am. Your father continues to be very trying and is more and more rumbumptious and obstinate. As I said in my letter from Fuchau, he isn't afraid of your mother when half the world lies between him and her, and now he lets on that he will shake her when he gets back home. He drinks tremendous and is a terror. If it hadn't been for you, deer Mary, I would have chucked my billet at Fuchau, which is the last place God made, leavin' it unfinished. Your father is now more crazy than ever about goin' straight and cuttin' off corners. We came through the Ladrones with the tail end of an early cyclone after us, and he very near piled her up there. At this moment we are hugging Australia (I wish I was hugging the prettiest and nicest girl I know, deer Mary) when we ought to be givin' it a wide bearth for reasons that I needn't state as bein' complex. If I've got any sense at all—and I had the sense to fall in love with you the moment I sighted you your dad will put the old bark ashore, or do somethin' silly like that. I argue with him day and night, and he says that I am as obstinate and have as much jaw as your deer mother. But I will not be put down, and if I am obstinate it is in a good cause, for it would cut me to the hart to see the old man lose his certificate, because he is your father. If he wasn't your father, Mary deer, I would plug him hard for the insultin' way in which he lets on that I'm only after you because I want the mate's billet in this old tub. You know, deer Mary, that I would have gone mate in somethin' far better than this old bundle of firewood. But now I must conclude for the time. I anticipate the worst, but trust it won't come off."

"What's the Use of Telling the Girl All About the Sharks?"

So Sam Mason having eased his mind he fell asleep.

It was now the end of October and the old Trincomalee had done very well, for she had carried fine weather with her right from the Ladrones to the Tropic of Capricorn. But late in October bad weather is pretty common in these latitudes with heavy weather from the nor'west. Farther south still no man can be sure of what to expect, and, though they had one hard blow out of the nor'west, a little while afterward they picked up the trade and in three days lost it again.

"Luck's goin' back on me," said the skipper angrily, and the obstinate mate snorted.

"You've no call to bullyrag luck, sir, because you've no wind to speak of," said Mason firmly. "You ought to know, sir, that the trade don't blow home on this benighted coast till it's summer. And November is only the beginning of summer, and here we are in 153 West when we ought to be in 160 West."

"Gah'n!" said old Partridge crossly. "If you'd 'ad your way you'd 'ave took her through the China Sea and by the southern route."

"I'm not saying I wouldn't," said Mason obstinately.

"Well, you wasn't axed your opinion," retorted the old man; "and 'ere we are with Sydney close aboard."

"And a lee shore a deal closer," said Mason. "Oh, you'll put her ashore yet!"

It was highly insubordinate for the mate to talk in this fashion, and he knew it. But the skipper only grinned just now. It pleased him to see the mate so disturbed.

"You've no courage, Sam," said old Partridge. "You're brave enough when you've all the Pacific round you, but without sea-room you are a cur."

"What, me?"

"Yes, you," said the skipper. "And, me bein' your captain and entitled by law to say wot I like, you can put it in your pipe and smoke it."

The mate made a step toward him and old Partridge cringed and shrank away.

"If you dare to 'it me I'll kill you, Sam Mason, and, moreover, Mary won't marry no man that 'its her dad."

Mason turned away.

"Mark me, this is the last time I offer my opinion. You can put her ashore if you want to," he said furiously.

And that night they sighted the shore of Australia as the sun was going down. When it was dark they made it out to be about the neighborhood of Wide Bay, for they saw the light on the starboard beam. It was a near enough landfall for Partridge.

"We're gettin' along," said the old man, and Trundle, who was then in charge of the deck, agreed with him.

"Oh, yes, we're nice and near," said Trundle. He said below his voice that of course it made any sailor happy to see the nice, comfortable land right under his lee in uncertain weather. It made old Partridge happy to all appearance, for, having set another course of the land-shaving variety, he went below and laid his soul in soak. The mate went on with his letter to "deer Mary." It was now longer than the official log and contained statements in it not in the official log, and calculated to curl the hair of all that department of the Board of Trade which deals with merchant shipping.

"Your father said I was a cur," wrote the indignant lover, "and if we aren't ashore within the next day or two I'll eat my own head and his, too. I wish we were married, dear Mary, and I had a ship of my own It is a lesson against drink bein' with your poor old father worth all the tracts I ever read, though they aren't many."

As any one might have guessed, and as Sam Mason foretold, the wind next day fell very light and the Southeast Trade showed its opinion of that part of the coast by refusing to be found within ten marine leagues of it. The sun was burning hot and the land lay low to the westward in a thick haze. What winds did blow were so many that there was no naming them. At one moment it was an Irishman's hurricane (with the wind up and down the mast), and then it blew for five minutes from the east and six minutes from the west with a few minutes of north and south thrown in. Old Partridge had gone out of his way to make Doldrums all for himself, and he abused luck for his own folly and drank a deal more steadily than ever. The only good-tempered man on board was the second mate, for the men's hands were sore with the ceaseless pulley-hauly to catch the light flaws of wind. Every one of them knew that there was a decent working breeze well off the land, and if their curses had got their work in on the skipper he would not have been half as good-looking as the Jackdaw of Rheims.

"The miserable old blighter ought to be knocked down," said the starboard watch.

"'E ought to be tied up," said the port watch. They compared their blisters and wished that the sun would strike the skipper dead.

"And we're comin' in with the land and there might be a gale from the sou'east any time," said both watches. There they were wrong, for it was early in November yet, and gales from the sou'east don't come on till later thereabouts. It wasn't gales that the sulky and obstinate Mason was afraid of. And as it turned out he had no need to be. What he dreaded was close and hazy weather in a spot that needed one's clearest eyesight. For now the land was close on board and there was no good chart of the coast on board the Trincomalee. She was as ill-found in charts as she was in skippers, and most of them were as much out of date.

The next night but one after Mason's biggest row with the "old man" was as dark as the average man's prospects of becoming a millionaire. There was very little wind, though what there was held a trifle steadier than it had done for days. It came out of the nor'west. But there was not a star to be seen in the sky and the moon was on the other side of the world. The man on the lookout might as well have been in a four-hundred-gallon tank for all the good his eyes were to him, and, recognizing this fact, he refused to strain them, and thought about all he would do with his pay-day when he next ground gravel under his heel in London town. He chewed tobacco and said that it was as black as riding-boots. At two bells he further remarked, in the melancholy wail peculiar to a man on the lookout, that it was "All Well." It is obvious that he did so on speculation and out of pure natural hopefulness for he could not see that the Trincomalee was engaged in threading her way through a wonderful mesh and network of sand-banks. The lookout had not delivered himself of this abstract and entirely erroneous statement more than five minutes by an accurate chronometer (which the Trincomalee's was not by any means) when the old bark walked ashore in the calmest, most deliberate and majestic way possible. She did it as if the whole duty of all well-conducted ships was to pile themselves up on a nice comfortable sand-bank a long way from anywhere. She gave a heave, shook herself with the thoroughness of a few grunts and creaks, and was hard and fast.

"There, by Jiminy, what did I say?" asked the mate.

It was now that Mason's true character showed itself. He walked calmly aft till he could see the man at the wheel by the faint glimmer of the binnacle light.

"She's ashore, Wills."

"So it seems, sir," said Wills, letting go the wheel. The mate stood still and filled his pipe. Some men's hands would have shaken, but not his. He struck a match.

"Go and tell the captain that we're ashore," said Mason.

"Yes, sir," said the seaman, and he started for the port poop ladder.

"Mind the captain doesn't hit you if he throws anythin' at you," said the thoughtful mate.

"Thank ye, sir," said Wills; "thank you very much, sir. I'll do my best, sir."

He ran up against Trundle who had been wakened by the little incident of the sand-bank being picked up so nicely.

"What is it, Wills?" he asked hurriedly.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, the ship's ashore," said Wills, "hand Mr. Mason, sir, says I'm to tell the captain."

He was rather anxious that the second mate should relieve him of the job, but as Trundle only shoved him away and bounded on deck he scratched his head and found his way to the skipper's room.

"The old blighter!" said Wills as he knocked at the door. "I wonder if he will sling anything at me."

He was soon satisfied on that point.

"Come in," said the skipper, and Wills put his head in.

"Hif you please, sir, the mate said, sir, I was to tell you that the ship's hashore, sir," said Wills very politely.

"She's wot?" asked the skipper.

"Hashore, sir," repeated Wills with firmness, "'ard and fast hashore."

The skipper reached for the nearest thing handy. It was an empty bottle. Wills disappeared with great promptness and the bottle smashed on the door He disregarded the invitation of the old man to return and tell him that again, and went on deck to the mates who were taking soundings round the Trincomalee.

"If you please, sir, the captain tried to kill me wiv a bottle," said Wills, "but I think, sir, that 'e's comin' on deck now."

As he spoke the skipper came on deck with his trousers in his hand. He said nothing, but went for the astounded mate like a bull at a hedge. Mason, being taken by surprise, keeled over and lay where he fell for half a minute.

"I'll teach you to put my ship ashore!" howled Partridge. "Get up, you coward, and fight an honest man and an 'ard-worker that you've ruined."

He proceeded to further measures, and if Trundle had not interfered he would have jumped on the mate.

"Oh, sir!" cried the second as he laid hold of him. The skipper swore awfully, kicked a little, and finding that he could not free himself from Trundle's grip he burst out crying, and said that he was a poor, unhappy old man, and wished he was dead.

"And the mates my wife said I was to take don't know enough to take a cast of the lead,' he sobbed, 'and ere I am ruined and a sad sight for all 'ands to look at and no 'ope for me and these blighters of mates man'andle me like as if I was no one, and they don't mind the lead, and they knows more about meaty 'ambones than about sextants, and, oh, but I'm un'appy and wish I was dead!"

Now, as to the matter of the lead, the mate had been undoubtedly wrong in not taking soundings. That he did not do so was due to his being in the sulks and to his feeling perfectly certain that the skipper would pile her up whatever he did. Besides that, one of old Partridge's later fads had been to despise the very lead that he was now so keen on. In fact, at the beginning of his last drinking bout he had taken the hand and deep-sea leads into his cabin, saying that if the mate did not know when he had bold water he did, and that he wasn't going to have the work disturbed for Mason and Trundle to do deep-water surveys. It is true that Mason got the hand lead-line out of him the day before. Now he wished he hadn't.

"But, though I gives it you under protest," had said Partridge, "I 'ereby solemnly horders and hannounces that it ain't to be used unless I'm so ill that I can't be spoke to."

It was wrong, but perhaps natural, that after this Mason said he might put the old bark ashore if he wanted to But he was sorry that he had paid so much attention to what the skipper said.

"I'll get my certificate suspended for this," he declared He turned on the weeping captain and gave him large slabs of his opinion, and the more he said the more the skipper howled while the crowd on the main-deck listened and grinned.

"By the 'oly smoke, Mr. Mason 'as a tongue when 'is jaw gets full liberty of haction!" said the mate's own watch, and the starboard watch agreed with much admiration. "But such language to us would be very insultin.' 'Ark to old Partridge, 'owlin' and sobbin' like a kid."

That was the way the disaster took the skipper, and till he filled himself up again he would be harmless.

"I'm done. I gives in!" he cried lamentably. "I'll be down and die, and them that put 'er ashore can take 'er off." He crawled down to his cabin. "I'm a poor wretched old beggar," he whined, "and I'll see to-morrow if I don't tell Mason what I thinks of him. I won't cry no more.

The Last Man Followed Him and There was No One Left but Partridge

but I'll send the beggar for'ard. 'Im a mate? 'Im a sailor? I could make a better mate out of my seaboots with a knife. I'm a man and a navigator and a proper pilot, that's wot I am, and I'm known to be all over the world."

And then he was perfectly happy and fell asleep. But on the deck they were waiting for a little light to see where they were and what was to be done. Mason was very sick with himself now that he had no skipper to abuse and Trundle couldn't cheer him up.

"The old brute was right about the lead," said Mason, "and the Board of Trade will hold I ought to have been all the more careful because he is what he is. This will be an awful blow to Mary."

He was thinking of his long letter to her and wondering what he would next set down in it, and as he wondered the dawn showed a flare in the east. In ten minutes it was light enough to see that the poor old Trincomalee was in a tight corner and that it was a wonder how she got there. On all sides there were visible sand-banks, though the one on which she had set her forefeet and half her keel was not to be seen.

"I'd like to know how she got here at all," said the second mate, looking to the north and northeast. There were banks, a very network of them, all about, and they were thickest in the nor'east quarter. The Trincomalee could hardly have been piloted in through the channel that she had taken. There was, in fact, no channel at all obvious even when Mason went aloft and, with his feet on the main-royal yard and his arm about the mast, looked his best to find it.

By the time it was broad daylight the mate could see the low coast line. It shone yellowish and sandy in the light of the level sun. Though there were no obvious landmarks he knew they must be somewhere in the neighborhood of Smoky Cape. A light land breeze was still blowing and he could smell the wonderful and strangely characteristic odor of the great southern continent, though the stranded vessel was apparently four miles from the land. The aspect of the land and of the sea was of a most peculiar and terrible desolation. It seemed that they had gone ashore at the Back of Beyond, that land which only world-wanderers know.

"We'll never get out of this," said Mason—"never in time or eternity. The old bark will leave her bones here."

There was not a patch of real blue water within a mile. As he looked down on the shallows of the sea-trap in which they were caught, he saw nothing but bright green water with the shining yellow of the sand below, blotting the green. Here and there banks were just awash: some were high and dry and glaring already in the glow of the sun. There was not room in which to turn the Trincomalee. If she got out at all she would have to be kedged out stern foremost. Mason heaved a sigh and came down on deck.

"What's it look like from aloft?" asked Trundle.

"We might as well be five miles inland," said the mate. "How the thunder I ever found my way here beats me! When they suspend my blasted ticket for this job I'll advertise that I can sail vessels over dry land. This will be an awful blow to Mary, Trundle."

"Cheer up, sir," said the second mate. "It ain't so bad as that, surely."

"Then go up aloft and see if it isn't," said Mason sadly. "If it wasn't for Mary I'd wish I'd never seen the skipper. And I wish I was never to see him again."

About ten minutes later he did see him again for at daylight old Partridge woke up with the kind of tongue and temper that is to be got without extra charge by drinking rum, thirty degrees over-proof, out of a bottle and without water. When he woke up he had entirely forgotten that his ship was piled up on a sand-bank on the coast of Australia, and the truth did not wake out of the back of his muddled and mad brain till he had roused up the past by extracting another bottle of rum from beneath his mattress and had taken a nip that would have poisoned a pig. When he did recall what had happened he hopped out of bed with a roar, and then roared worse with the pain of a cut from the broken glass which strewed the deck. He put on his stockings over the wound, pulled on his trousers, and went up on deck. He was about as mad as a man can be, and both mates saw it as soon as he put his ugly head above the companion hatch.

All hands were on deck, though it was only five o'clock, and they were standing about the galley drinking coffee which the mate had ordered, because it looked as if there would be hard work to do. Long before this they had settled the fate of the Trincomalee and that of the officers. The old bark was to stay where she had put herself, they saw that.

"Hunless there's a merracle, and hafter seein' the way that Smith 'ere must 'ave performed 'em when 'e was at the wheel last night, there's no knowin' wot may 'appen," said Wills. "Say, Smith, you fetched the hold girl in, so you'd better take 'er out ag'in. Tell us 'ow you done it, Smith."

As Smith was very sore from all the compliments he had received since he had performed the "merracle," he answered rather hotly.

"When I've given you blazes and you come to, you'll be right in askin' 'ow I done it," he replied savagely.

At this very moment the skipper showed his nose on deck and thereby prevented one kind of trouble while he made some of a different kind.

"'Ere's the old man," said the crowd, "and it's pillaloo and stand from hunder."

When the skipper had so far relieved his mind as to be able to speak directly to Mason, the crowd came aft in the hope that they would see the captain knocked as flat as a jib-downhaul. But in this they were disappointed, for poor Mason knew that he had been in the wrong. He was not sure that he had not been wrong in not putting his genial superior into confinement when the old man first developed his propensity for cutting off corners. But in neglecting to use the lead he had been obviously wrong and he knew it. He listened to the skipper for five minutes and then he spoke.

"Right," said Mason calmly. "You're sorry I'm your mate. That can be altered. I can be man. If you like I'll go for'ard."

It was not the first time the mate had made this offer and as a rule old Partridge had then resorted to tears. He did not cry now by any means. It was odd that the madness that was in him made him more like a man for the time being than he had been for years. And it also made him wicked.

"Go to your cabin, you no-sailor you!" said the skipper, and Mason said nothing, but did as he was told. Then the old man went to the break of the poop and stared so savagely at the crew that most of them thought they had business for'ard and slunk away.

"Carpenter!" said the captain.

"Yes, sir," said "Chips," who was a very small and humble companion of the adze.

"Get some spikes and a hammer, and look slippy about it!" said Partridge.

Chips did look slippy, but he also looked surprised. He looked more surprised still when the old man bade him spike the mate in his berth.

"Oh, sir!" said Chips humbly.

"Drive 'em well in, or I'll blow your brains out!" said the skipper as he produced a revolver and pointed it at the carpenter.

While Chips was doing what he was told the skipper was telling the silent mate that he could come out when he liked. Trundle ventured to remonstrate and was told that if he said another word it would be his last. This looked so possible that Trundle fairly flinched. He wondered what was going to happen.

He was not long in doubt. Nor was Mason. In less than a minute he heard the men casting the gripes off the boats and getting them ready to put over the side. He heard the skipper's harsh and insane voice using horrible language and knew that everything was being done at the muzzle of the old man's six-shooter. He tried the door and found it impossible to move. He sat down and lighted his pipe, for he knew that he could break out when he had a mind to. The notion of being left on board alone did not worry him overmuch. He had cast away the ship through a fit of temper and he knew it. There was always the chance that a miracle would happen and, if he had not been spiked into his berth, he would have refused to desert her. He said "deer Mary" and went on smoking. There was stuff in Sam Mason and "deer Mary" had picked a man.

The boats were now over the side and every one was sent into them. Any kind of remonstrance was quite vain, for the old man would listen to no one. Trundle, though he was plucky enough, was for once fairly cowed by Partridge's voice and horrid aspect. After all, he was very young, being hardly twenty-two, and it was only his second trip as a second mate. Nevertheless he spoke up for Mason

He Gave a Scream, Struck the Empty Air with the Butt of the Revolver and Went Overboard with an Awful Yell

"You ain't goin' to leave Mr. Mason on board, sir?"

For answer the old man fired at him, and Trundle, who was standing on the rail holding on to the main swifter, let go in his fright and fell overboard. The last man followed him and there was no one left but Partridge. He came down the davit tackle like a young man and dropped into the stern-sheets as Trundle was hauled on board the other boat.

"I'm sorry I missed you, you mutinous dog!" said the old madman. "Now, you keep alongside or I'll massacre you."

In fear of their lives they pulled from the ship and Mason heard the sound of the oars die away in the distance. He put his pipe down, wiped his lips with his hand, and put his foot through the lower panel of his door. Then he kicked out an upper panel. With four kicks he reduced the door to its frame, and after he had scored the frame with his knife one kick and the thrust of his shoulder made him free to go on deck and take a look at the departing crowd.

"I'll have to write all this to Mary," said Mason with a sigh, "but she will be sorry to hear it of her dad."

He went into the steward's pantry and raked up something to eat, which he took on deck with him. It was then time to look at the weather.

"Goin' to rain presently," said Mason as he looked at the northeast. "But I don't believe there will be any wind in it."

With a chunk of beef in his paw he went in and took a look at the barometer. It was just about where it should be, for, allowing for the diurnal oscillations, it had not shifted for days.

"They'll get wet," said Sam Mason. "Very wet they'll be, or I'm a Dutchman."

He finished his breakfast on the poop and lighted his pipe again. Then he took a walk round the decks and felt very lonely.

"This is the first time this ever happened to me," said Mason. "I'll bet Mary would be alarmed about me if she knew." He sat down and thought hard, and as the result of his thinking he came to the conclusion that there was nothing whatever to do till some wrecking vultures heard of his plight and came along to make money out of the old bark.

"So long as I'm in her, she ain't derelict—that's a comfort," said the poor chap; "and I'll hang on here till she's a wreck or till I've eaten all the grub. If the weather holds she will last for years."

It was not a nice lookout, but Mason was fond of peace, and the absence of the skipper was like having peace thrown at him in heavy chunks.

"And, when I come to think of it, I'm captain now," said Mason, who was always ready to look on the bright side of things when he was given a chance to do it. "Mary always said I ought to be a skipper before we married."

He found a piece of paper and wrote on it "Samuel Mason, Master." It was very comforting. He got a broom and swept all the broken glass out of the captain's cabin and transferred his dunnage to it.

"It's a rum start," said the one-time mate, "but, though it's a trifle quiet, it feels all right."

Most seamen would have been disturbed by having to play Jack-all-alone on a sand-bank, especially as a gale from the likeliest sixteen points of the compass would pound the old Trincomalee into matchwood. But Mason had no imagination of the commonest kind which breeds fear. He was also as obstinate as they are made and as sore as he could be over the fact that he had neglected the use of the lead.

"I deserve it," said the poor chap as he surveyed his new command; "I ought to be kicked. The light of other days has faded with me. I wonder what Mary will think."

It was not much comfort to be skipper, after all. The ship lay as quiet as a rock. All her sails had been furled before the skipper came on deck, though not with a harbor furl by any means. The sun was bright, the sand was very yellow and the shore was wrapped in a thick and uncommon haze. In the northwest there were a few clouds.

There was, said Mason, a feeling in the air as if the weather would change in spite of the steady barometer. He put the thought aside. In such circumstances a man was likely to expect disasters, and he knew it. He went below to continue his letter to Mary. He wrote her the solid truth and found some comfort in relieving his mind about her father.

"And that's how it stands now, Mary," he concluded, "and what is goin' to be the end I can't tell. I expect she will lie here till some of Lloyds' people come up, or perhaps one of the coasting steamers will twig me. I'm goin' to stay by her whatever happens, and if I don't see you again you know I love you dearly as I always did. If I get out of this I'm goin' to be a teetotaler.

"Your poor old father is a beast, though perhaps I oughtn't to say so to you. But you and your mother know how true it is."

He turned in and took an afternoon snooze. It was getting late when he woke up with a start, thinking that he had been called for his watch on deck. He jumped out of the skipper's bunk and only knew how things were when he found that he had turned in all standing. He went on deck and saw the sun going down under a bank of clouds. The air was heavy and oppressive.

"It'll likely rain, as I said," thought Mason.

The glass was doing little more than its usual afternoon crawl down to the evening minimum. Mason got some grub and boiled some coffee in the galley. When he had eaten all he wanted, he wrote up his own log and at eight o'clock he turned in again. He was waked in about an hour by a clap of thunder which sounded like a tops'l saying a sudden and tremendous farewell to its belt-ropes, and before he could as much as raise himself on his elbow he heard the rain begin.

"I said it would rain," thought the captain and crew of the Trincomalee; "I was dead sure it would, and, by the holy frost, it does."

There was no mistake about the fact, for, though there was no more thunder, it would have been hard to hear it if there had been. The roar of the rain on the deck was almost as deafening as it is when it rains on a tin roof. It came down in lumps like tumblerfuls and then in buckets. When Mason put his head outside he could not see for the sheets of rain. The deck was in a white smoke with it and the scuppers were already spouting like the gargoyles of a church. In a few minutes it was even worse and the scuppers could not carry off the flood. It ran through some old main-deck ports and was level with the highest part of the camber of the deck. The roar of its fall was like nothing that Mason had ever heard. No ordinary tropic squall came near it as an instrument of noise.

"I'm sorry for those poor chaps in the boats if they're in it," said Mason. "It will swamp them—by crumbs, it will!"

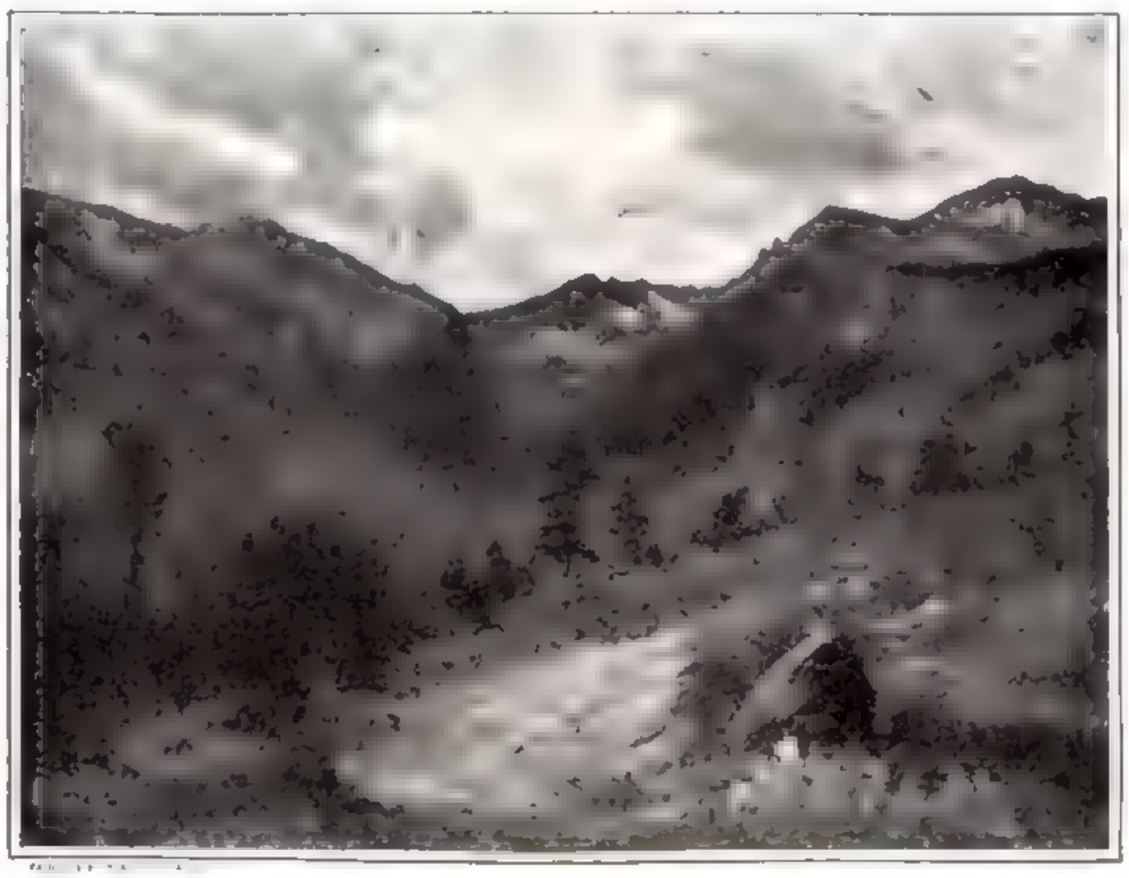
He went back to his cabin, lay down again and in less than forty-five seconds was fast asleep. He had excellent nerves and, barring that little matter of the lead, as clear a conscience as most seamen can boast. But by going to sleep he lost a strange experience. The rain was only beginning when he sighed and was lost to the world and all its sorrows.

For some hours before this particular rainstorm—which is still remembered as a flood-time in the northern parts of New South Wales—it had been pouring in the most wonderful fashion on land. It had not done so much as it did this time in the memory of white men, and even the blacks owned after their tremendous washing that there had been no such "big fellow water" in their traditions. The area of this downfall extended for some hundreds of miles to the northwest, and the creeks rose up in their might and were rivers; the rivers became seas, and the waterholes were lakes. That was the beginning. Before it ended all the people, black and white, who were not drowned (and many were drowned) were camped on a few sandy hills among pine scrub. And all the trash of fifty years was carried down the roaring creeks to the sea. By the time that the worst was over on land the worst struck the stranded Trincomalee and fell upon her with much of the force of a waterspout. Her decks at times were more than a foot deep, and the water rose so high in some of the more tremendous moments that it came in over the high sills of the cabin doors. But the roar of the waterfall only soothed Mason to deeper slumbers. When he was really asleep nothing short of a collision could awake him. He was not even disturbed when the little creek, called on good, prophetic maps a river, became a river in all reality and poured its tremendous flood of gray waters, covered with leaves and sticks and trees and dead animals, into the sandy sea where the old Trincomalee was ashore. He did not wake when this flood cut away some of the sand from under the forefoot of the bark and for a brief moment set her afloat. He was so deep in slumber that he only made an uneasy motion when she grounded again about ten fathoms farther seaward. If such a jar did not wake a seaman nothing would, and when the same thing happened again Mason only smiled in his sleep. And the rain still fell, and inland all the millions of tons of water flowed, in gathering volume, to the sea.

The nature of a flood like this is very powerful, and it cut away the sand again and again from the passage that fifty years of moderate rainfall had suffered to get blocked. It scoured a hundred channels and broke down

THE EXILE

By LOUISE PALEY



I've laid aside Earth's broken toys—
Ambitions, hopes and fears;
The things I could and did not do,
And Disappointment's tears.

I find my joy in simple things
God left outdoors for me:
The mountains, filled with secrets old;
The prairie, like the sea;

The music of the mountain stream;
The quiet of the hills;
The winds that blow across the world;
The touch of Christ that thrills.

And here, high up, close to the stars,
The world seems far away;
I do not dream of it by night,
Nor think of it by day.

I do not know if this be Age,
Or whether Life is spent;
But, by a mighty peace within,
I know I've found Content.

the intervening sand-banks like a big suction dredger. It set up a scour that nothing could withstand, and, though the Trincomalee was now in fresh water, and therefore floating three inches deeper than she would have done in salt, the river set her afloat again and again. It seemed as if the bark had some intelligence in her. First she dredged astern as if she were being dredged out of a crowded harbor with her topsails aback, and then she swung softly off the tail of a bank and went out to sea as if she were towed by an invisible towline. She brought up softly on banks a hundred times and the busy and helpful river set itself to cut the sand from under her again. And all the time the rain fell and there was only the lightest air out of the nor'west quarter.

By four bells (if there had been any one to know that it was two o'clock of a very wet morning) the Trincomalee was three nautical miles from the place she had picked to die and be buried in, and Sam Mason pulled the blankets around him with a pleased and comfortable noise as if he knew that the old bark was taking hold of deep water again and meant to do her duty like a well-built, salted ship. Then she went ashore again on the very last bank that lay between her and freedom, and took a rest. If it had not been for the nature of things, and especially for the nature of the tides and salt and fresh water, she might have given up the job and decided that it wasn't worth the trouble, after all. But now the tide made another inch, and what it did amounted to much more than an inch, for it displaced the amazing river of fresh water which was getting languid so far from land, and the Trincomalee rose up in response to the salt and scraped her tail across the sand and was free at last.

Then a stronger air blew out of the west and took her gently out to sea together with all the floating wood and gum-leaf trash of the washed continent that lay far to windward of her. And the skipper and the crew of her threw back his head with an awful yawn and gave a waking grunt. The rain had ceased. There was no sound to be heard but the faint lapping of the sea under the vessel. Nevertheless, when Mason really woke, he leapt out of his bunk as if a rat had been in his blankets and had bitten his great toe.

"By the poker, the old girl's afloat!" said Mason.

There was no mistaking the fact, though no landsman would have felt what he did. He ran on deck and found the sky clearing; among the parting clouds the stars shone brightly. He saw that miserable old inconspicuous fraud, the Southern Cross, quite distinctly as it is ever seen. The crew and skipper slapped his thigh, and finding the hand-lead on the main hatch—where it had been left by the last man who had helped to show that the Trincomalee was in a hopeless berth and laid up to all appearance for a full due—he dropped it over the side and found bottom in seven fathoms. He tried all around her and never got less. In ten minutes he got a half seven and a quarter less eight, and he let a whoop of joy and surprise out of him that must have carried a mile.

"Hurrah!" shouted Sam Mason. "I know what's happened!"

And indeed he guessed the truth. He walked the deck in a high state of excitement and felt that in all probability his precious certificate was safe.

"But I wonder what has become of the old man and Trundle and the crew?" he asked himself. "I wish I wasn't so short-handed. I'll likely have a deal of trouble. I wish it was daylight."

Even as he spoke he saw a faint easterly glow, and in ten minutes there was enough light to see by. When he looked over the side he found that the Trincomalee was in a regular Sargasso Sea of land trash, and he knew that his very first idea of what had occurred was the right one.

"There must have been rain and no fatal error," said Mason. "It is my firm belief that those poor chaps must have been swamped and drowned."

He was wrong: they had not been drowned, though they had come very near it, and about noon he found out the truth. For he went up aloft and swept the horizon with his glasses and came to the conclusion that he saw two boats far to the south. While he was aloft he dropped the main-tops'l and, going down on deck, sheeted it home with the help of a capstan. Then he loosed the foretopsail and served that the same. With a light breeze out of the northwest the Trincomalee just managed to get steerageway on her, and he steered for what he was now sure were boats.

"If I have to put the old man in irons he sha'n't have his way any more," said Mason.

But if he had had a powerful glass at that moment he might have known that he would have no more trouble with poor old Partridge. For this is what happened after the skipper had left his ship.

"We're bound for Port Maquarie," said Partridge as soon as they were well clear of the Trincomalee, "and don't you forget it."

He addressed the unhappy and very wet second mate while he had him covered with his revolver. He made Trundle go ahead and take him in tow.

"The first sign you show of cuttin' adrift," said Partridge, "I'll shoot you, and if I misses you I'll shoot the nearest man to me in my own boat to show you that I mean it."

The nearest man to him in his own boat was the unhappy boatswain.

"Don't try to get away, Mr. Trundle," said the boatswain. "I've a wife and seven children."

And Trundle, who had meant to slip off at the first chance and go back to Mason, said sullenly that he would do nothing to risk the future of the bos'n's offspring. He owned that the skipper was too much for him.

In fact, Partridge was too much for any one, for if any of them had any notion of taking him unawares he soon showed them that he was too mad to rest or sleep. Instead, he began to groan dreadfully and screamed that the sea was thick with sharks and that he saw their back fins sticking out of the water, as big as a foretopmast staysail. And he made the wretched men row to get away from them. Then the night fell and the rain began, and for hours they never knew if the next moment would not be their last. For the rain was swamping and it took all they knew to keep afloat. The seas were white with the fall of it, and when it ceased the men lay down and could not stir for fatigue.

As soon as the dawn came many of them at the same moment saw a vessel some miles to the nor'ard of them, and they cried out that there was a ship at anchor. For this was the Trincomalee before Mason had loosed the topsails. During the night the boats had drifted northward with the tide and the inshore current.

Some of the crowd would have recognized the cut of her sails if she had been under canvas, but now not even the old sailmaker knew who she was. Yet it was a comfort to see a ship, and they spoke cheerfully. They cried "Hurrah!" and became like live men again after the strain of the night. But when old Partridge looked at the ship they spoke of he trembled violently.

"D'ye any of you see a ship?" he asked. "Do any o' ye see a bark?"

"Why, yes, sir," said the bos'n.

"You're a liar!" said the old man. "You don't see nothin'!"

The men stared at him with wondering eyes.

"I thought I did," said the old man with his eyes bolting out of his head, "but now I see it ain't a 'uman ship."

The Trincomalee dropped her main topsail and then, as the day got clear, the old sailmaker roared in great astonishment:

"Oh, sir, 'tis the Trincomalee! 'tis our ship!"

He saw a patch he had put in the old topsail and knew it as he knew his own patched jacket. And then the others cried out that he was right, and a great astonishment fell on them, and, in their state of mind, the screams of the old man made them tremulous.

"Pull, pull, and get away from 'er!" shrieked Partridge. "She's comin' after us with Mason's sperrit on board of 'er. She's no ship, but a sperrit of a ship!"

He gave a scream and struck at the empty air with the butt of the revolver and then started back, lost his footing and went overboard with an awful yell. Instinctively the bos'n made a grab for him and got hold of him in the water. But when he did old Partridge turned around snarling and bit him in the thumb. The boatswain let him go with a yell and they saw the captain no more.

For a long, long minute not a soul said a word. But at last the second mate spoke:

"Pull for the old bark, men; it's no use lookin' for him any more. Did he hurt you, bos'n?"

"Only nearly bit my thumb off, sir," said the bos'n as he tore a rag off the tail of his shirt and bound up the wound; "but I'm thinkin' I'm well out of it with so little, for I never thought to be alive this blessed day."

They pulled in silence for the Trincomalee, wondering as they went how, in the name of all things in Heaven and earth, the mate had got her out of her fix single-handed. The bark under her two topsails came down to them slowly, and it was nearly half an hour before they were alongside. Trundle clambered up and went aft to Mason, who was at the wheel.

"Wonders will never cease!" said Trundle. "How did you get her off?"

"Where's the old man?" asked Mason before he answered, and the second mate told him what had happened.

"Poor old chap!" said Mason as he gave up the wheel to one of the seamen. The boatswain and the rest of the crowd hoisted up the boats, while the second mate and Mason told each other what had happened.

"It will be an awful blow for the old lady and Mary," said Mason simply. And then his mind turned to other matters for the moment.

"Make sail, Mr. Trundle," he said. "You are mate for the present, and if you can pass at Sydney you will be mate all along."

"Thank you, sir," said Trundle, and they put the canvas on the Trincomalee and made a fresh start for Port Jackson.

That night Mason wrote a long and particular account of the tragedy to Mary and her mother, and when he had done it he read it to his new mate. Trundle listened and nodded his head.

"Have I got it all accurate?" asked the new captain anxiously.

"Why, yes, sir," said Trundle. "You've got it so accurate that the old lady and the girls will never get over it!"

"What d'ye mean?" asked Mason in great surprise. "Wouldn't you tell 'em the truth?"

Trundle shook his head.

"If you ask me, sir, I wouldn't. What's the use of tellin' the old girl all that about the rum and the sharks, to say nothin' of Thompson's thumb?"

Mason looked at him.

"Well, maybe you're right, but I'm no hand at concoctin' any kind of yarn that ain't the truth, and many's the time I've got into trouble about that same."

"May I try, sir?" asked Trundle.

"I shall be much obliged if you would," replied Mason, "for I own it made me shiver as I wrote it."

An hour later Trundle brought up his draft of the letter and read it to Mason. It began:

"'My dear mother-in-law——'"

"She ain't my mother-in-law yet," objected Mason.

"Well, you mean her to be, don't you?" asked the mate, and Mason owned that he did.

"Then 'Dear mother-in-law,'" repeated Trundle firmly, "'I have to inflict upon you the sad and melancholy intelligence that your poor, dear husband is no more. He died on the passage from Fuchau to Sydney, where we are now, and he sent his love to you and the young ladies.'"

"Oh," sighed Mason, "Trundle, you are a scorcher!"

"Ain't I?" said Trundle. "But there is better than that to come. I go on with: 'You will be pleased to hear that I had no trouble with him this time, for he saw the error of his ways soon after leaving the Channel. He poured out all the rum that he brought with him and broke the bottles.'"

"So he did," said the new skipper, nodding. "Poor old Partridge! So he did!"

"'But his reformation came too late for his health, and he pined away gently and often spoke of his comfortable home, saying that his home was his only joy. He was very good to me and he said he thanked you for inducing him to take me and Mr. Trundle, who is now mate, as he will pass for mate out here. He was buried at sea, and his end was perfect peace.'

"There, what do you think of that, sir?" asked the proud writer. "Won't that be a comfort to them?"

"It will, I own," replied Mason; "and the point of it is that there is some truth in it."

"There is," said Trundle. "He *did* pour out the rum, and he *did* break the bottles, and his end, when he was dead, was perfect peace."

"So it was, when you come to think of it," said Mason.

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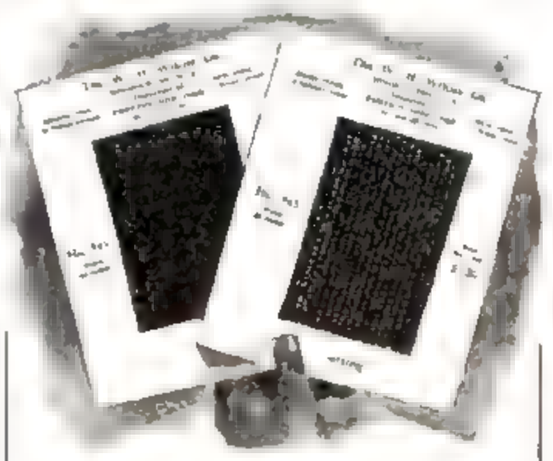

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YOUR SAVINGS

Listed and Unlisted Securities and the Curb Market

FREQUENTLY you see in the newspapers or elsewhere a statement about a certain stock which reads "This stock is listed on the New York Stock Exchange." This statement is used as an inducement to the purchaser to buy, and to show that the stock has an advantage over a stock about which this cannot be said, and it means that the stock has stood the test of investigation by the New York Stock Exchange and is "listed."

The matter of listing stock, as it is known, is of interest and value to every investor, because it shows that safeguards are thrown about the securities he buys for investment, no matter if they be stocks or bonds. Not all "listed" stock is gilt-edged, as will be shown later in this article.

In the first place there could be no listing of stock without a Stock Exchange. A Stock Exchange is simply the market-place where securities are bought and sold. In other words, there they exchange hands. For the purpose of illustration, the New York Stock Exchange, which is the largest in the country, and which practically fixes the prices of all the best-known investment securities, will be used.

If no restrictions were placed on the stocks and bonds offered on the Exchange it is easy to see that there would be a flood of irresponsible, wild-cat securities, many of them being the worthless mediums for promoters' schemes. In order to protect both the investor and the speculator the Stock Exchange established a sort of censorship by means of what are technically known as the "listed" and the "unlisted" departments. As a result, the stocks and bonds which are traded in on the floor of the Exchange, and the records of whose sales go out on the tape of the ticker, belong to one or other of these departments. The "listed" stock will be taken up first because it is the more important, and because it constitutes the larger part.

How Stocks are Listed

The rules which govern the admission of stock to the listed department are much more stringent than those affecting stock for the unlisted department. Take, for example, the case of a railroad company seeking to have its stock listed. It must make a formal application to the body in the New York Stock Exchange known as the Committee on Stock List. The railroad is required to file a statement of the location and route of its property, total mileage in operation, contemplated extensions, total equipment, amount of mortgages with date of maturity, amount of all kinds of indebtedness, amount of capital, voting power, date of annual meeting, place for transfer of stock, lists of officers, and, what is most important, an agreement with the Exchange to publish annual reports.

In the case of railroad bonds only those issues are considered for listing which are on actually completed mileage. A copy of the mortgage must also be filed.

If a reorganized company seeks a listing of its securities it must submit a complete financial statement of the new company, as well as its predecessors, together with a statement of the reasons for the reorganization and a description of the various securities issued, or to be issued. An industrial or manufacturing company must file with its application for listing an opinion by counsel stating that the company has been organized according to law, so that there can be no legal attack on the securities. A trust must file a statement showing that the financial and physical conditions of all allied companies are good.

In addition to all these requirements the following important recommendation is made:

"The Exchange recommends to the corporations whose securities are dealt in that they shall print, publish and distribute to stockholders, at least fifteen days prior to annual meetings, a full report of their operations during the preceding fiscal year; complete and detailed statements of all income and expenditures, and a balance sheet showing the financial condition at the close of the given period. The Exchange requests that stockholders of corporations take such action as may be necessary to carry this recommendation into effect."

This recommendation is of supreme importance to every stockholder because it is a declaration for publicity, and publicity is one of the greatest safeguards of investment.

When the company seeking a listing of its securities has met all requirements, and when the Governing Committee has approved, its stocks and bonds are traded in on the floor of the Exchange, and the report of the transactions in them is sent out on the tape. In other words, the securities not only obtain a certain recognized standing, but a market as well. Altogether, there are more than 1300 listed stocks, but not all of them are active—that is, traded in every day. Less than two hundred are really active. The New York Stock Exchange charges a large fee for listing stocks, varying with the capitalization of the listed company. From this source the Exchange derives a very large revenue.

Listing Means Publicity

It happens, however, that some companies, or groups of companies, which desire to have their stocks traded in on the Exchange, cannot meet all the requirements of the Committee on Stock List. This is especially true of industrial companies which do not believe in publicity, and which, therefore, do not issue complete annual reports. To take in this class, the "unlisted" department was created, in which the qualifications for admission are not so stringent as for the listed securities. The company or railroad is required to state only its capitalization, how the stock is distributed, the bonded debt, the last balance sheet, list of officers, number of stockholders and a few other minor details. The securities of the unlisted department are traded in on the floor of the Exchange just like the listed securities.

But there is a big difference between them. For one thing, the listed security has a higher standing and is regarded as a better collateral for a loan. The investor should prefer the listed security to the unlisted, because, with a listed stock, for example, he is able to find out something about the business affairs of the company.

Some very valuable stock is in neither the listed nor unlisted department. The most notable example of this is Standard Oil, which has never applied for admission to the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. This is due to the fact that the company has all along been opposed to the policy of publicity in its affairs.

It is interesting to add that there are five times more stocks and bonds sold in the listed department than in the unlisted department, and that the par value of the securities of both departments in the New York Stock Exchange is nearly one-fifth of the total wealth of the United States.

Practically every local Stock Exchange in the United States has its groups of local stocks that find their best market there. For example, the stock of the Louisville Railway Company would be listed on the Louisville Exchange.

It is a good thing to remember this fact: *Because a stock happens to be listed is no guarantee that it is good.* In many of the smaller cities, and especially in the mining communities of the West, there are Exchanges, or so-called Exchanges, where scores of mining stocks are listed. These Exchanges are simply promotion agencies for the mines, and the investor should not be dazzled by advertisements about them. It sometimes happens, too, that stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange ceases to have value because of inefficient or dishonest management, or bad business. Thus, the rule to investigate carefully whatever security you buy holds good even with stock that is listed.

But there are many securities, mainly stocks, that are not dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange. They must have a market-place, and it is provided by the Curb Market.

If you should go down Broad Street in New York any business day between ten and three o'clock you would see just beyond the Mills building, and roped in like animals in a circus, a mob of about one hundred and fifty yelling, gesticulating men. No matter what the weather conditions are, the crowd is there. From the windows of the buildings overlooking this animated scene men are shouting, making signs or talking through megaphones. Yet, through all this apparent confusion there is orderly business, for this is the Curb Market, and in it every year nearly one hundred million dollars' worth of securities are bought and sold.

The market is called the Curb because it really is on the curb, or rather it stretches from curb to curb save for enough space to let vehicles through. It comes by its open-air feature legitimately, because all early stock trading was done in the open.

The Curb is simply an open-air market for the buying and selling of stocks and bonds that are not in the listed and unlisted departments of the New York Stock Exchange. It is informal; there is no organization, and consequently no listing. As a result, any stock or bond may be sold there. For this reason it is easy to manipulate a stock there, and the Curb is often a good place to finance or promote a stock company. Most of the copper and cobalt stocks, for example, are sold on the Curb. A peculiarity of the Curb is that very small blocks are bought and sold. You can buy from one share up. On the New York Stock Exchange one hundred shares is the smallest amount sold. The commission charged on the Curb is smaller than on the Exchange, being ordinarily one-sixteenth of one per cent., or $6.25 for the execution of the sale of one hundred shares. There is no clearing-house for the stocks or bonds sold, and they must be delivered by messenger. There is an unwritten rule among the Curb brokers that all stock must be delivered the next day after sale.

Formerly there was little or no record of the transactions on the Curb, but, within the past few years, reports of daily sales are issued as soon as possible after the close of the day's business. These are printed in the newspapers, and in this way there is an account of the Curb prices.

The Curb's Signal Code

Some picturesque features attend the transaction of business on the Curb, none being more characteristic than the methods employed by the brokers to give and take orders. Most of the big Curb brokers have offices overlooking the market-place. Each one has a number of representatives in the street. To do business it is necessary to maintain an almost continuous communication at long range. It is impossible to use the telephone, so other forms must be devised.

Some of the houses use the deaf and dumb manual. Others employ the megaphone, while others have their own elaborate codes of signals. The largest of the Curb houses has a code which includes a signal for every important stock traded in, and a sign for every phrase used in the conduct of the brokerage business. For example, beating two fists together means "Buy"; moving the fists away from each other means "Sell." Making a circle with the right forefinger means "What is the latest quotation?" Raising the fingers of the right hand means the various fractional prices. For instance, one finger means one-eighth; two fingers means three-eighths, and so on.

If a customer goes into a Curb broker's office and says, "Buy me five shares of Standard Oil," this is what happens: The office manager gives the order to the operator at the window. Quick as a flash he signals down to the street in signs, "Buy five shares of Standard." The representative down on the Curb dashes up to the specialist in Standard, buys the stock and then signals back to the window, "Bought five Standard 478."

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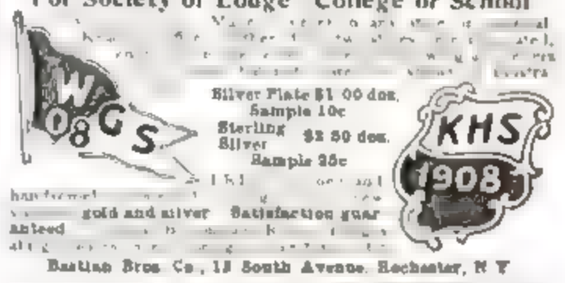

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IN THE OPEN

How Many Men Play Our Games—The Pheasant in This Country

ANNUALLY and without intermission we hear the favorite slogan of those who rally for a deprecatory fling at organized competitive sport. It may be somewhat freely translated by that more or less classic phrase, "one for all and all for one," or words to that effect, which, on being interpreted to fit the case in hand, means that athletics are for the few trained specialists rather than for the student body at large. Recently an unusually fair-minded and intelligent critic crystallized the complaint in the following: "As conditions exist to-day, participation in sports, far from being general, is restricted to a small body of carefully-selected and trained athletes, upon whom the entire effort of the institution is lavished. These men represent the active athletic class as distinguished from the student or social class, and on them devolves the task of representing their Alma Mater in games with rival institutions. The other members of the college or university are quite content to sit on the side lines or in the grandstands and cheer these representatives to that desired end, victory; to idolize them if they win, and generally to execrate them if they lose."

I have quoted at length because, as I say, though this writer has less of the unreasoning bias than the majority of those who are ever inveighing against sport because undergraduate interest centres upon the few, who make the effort for the common Alma Mater, his plaint is typical of the class. There is no denying that a more general engagement in the sports by the young collegians would be very desirable, and methods ought to be adopted which will add to the number of participants and thereby distribute the undisputed benefits of physical activity more widely among the undergraduates.

But it is inevitable that the final effort for intercollegiate supremacy should come eventually to rest upon the "trained and selected few," and it is both reasonable and natural that the overwhelming interest of the undergraduate body should, at the end of the training term, dwell unceasingly upon this little band that goes forth to athletic battle as representative of the very best the student body has to give. And would it not be unnatural if victory were not the desired end?

The False Alarm of the Critics

Let no one decry the intensity of purpose of the chosen team when it ventures upon the gridiron or upon the diamond or upon the track to uphold the prowess and the traditions of the institution whose initial letter dignifies the 'varsity sweater; the spirit is electric, compelling, national. That very spirit is making America great. These doctrinaire critics of sport start with the wrong foot. We do not wish to lessen the interest or the enthusiasm in the effort of the finally selected few—but we should like very much indeed to direct that enthusiasm into other and more varied channels during the early and middle seasons.

Most of these well-meant strictures upon sport bear no fruit because, for the greater part, they are not only unfair, but based on false premises; and you cannot hope to have any influence with Young America if he detects at the very outset that you do not know the game; you cannot secure a sympathetic audience for dogma founded on ignorance, or on prejudice which misstates.

If you are hoping to make headway with the undergraduate you must first gain his respect by being perfectly fair, and then interest him, not by railing at the game nearest his heart, but by making attractive your proposed new diversion. In other words, be practical, be just, and, perhaps, you may attain to something other than indigestion.

Now, while it is entirely true that college sport would be immeasurably benefited by a wider diversity of interest, yet the statement that participation "is restricted to a small body of carefully-selected and trained athletes, upon whom the entire effort of the institution is lavished," is not based on literal fact so far as the general college is concerned, but is the highly-colored presentment of an honest zealot who means and desires to be helpful, but who misses his opportunity by treating a factor as a whole—by exampling the final effort as the only athletic effort of the university. This is the common fault of nearly all these complaining well-wishers—that they accept the secret football practice, and the term-end concentration, and the side-line enthusiasm of the many over the effort of the "trained and selected few," as the beginning and end of college sport.

The Many Who are Candidates

For every man who secured a place on the Yale champion eleven, twenty-one others played; at Princeton about nineteen played for each final choice of position, and the percentage of players to the student body increases as we pursue the computation among the smaller colleges. If space were not lacking, detailed figures would make very instructive reading; suffice it for our purpose to say that, of a score of small colleges maintaining elevens in 1907, the football squads ranged from twenty-five to forty out of a student body averaging about two hundred; the highest number of players in proportion to the total of scholars being registered by the Carlisle Indian School, where fifty-four men offered themselves as candidates for the school team and played practically throughout the season.

At Harvard, during the athletic year of 1907, from hockey to football upward of six hundred young men entered the ranks of competitive sport! In each a few were finally selected and carefully prepared for the final inter-collegiate or inter-club effort, but there still remained in football, for example, an outside group of about two hundred men who had received the splendid discipline, the cleansing, toning-up effects, and the rigorous physical activity of the game.

These are figures which cannot be altered by unwise abuse. They might be larger, it is true, and they should be larger; but the way to get them so is not to ignore or even to deny their existence. Leave off scolding, and try to interest more of the boys in that magnificent game, lacrosse, and in Association or soccer football, which is really more fun than our American brand of Rugby was ever dreamed of being. Get the boys to playing more kinds of games, and the rest will follow naturally enough.

And while we are on that subject of the selected few absorbing all attention and interest as opposed to more general participation, it will be entertaining to inquire if the Amateur Athletic Union, which is our national governing body, has any light to shed on whether sport is confined to the few or to the comparatively many.

The most convincing answer is found in the figures covering this last season's games, which show that the athletes who registered for the purpose of competing in club games numbered nearly sixteen thousand; the metropolitan or New York district alone having about five thousand. But a greater revelation of the growth of athletics in America are the statistics which record during the full year of 1907 no less than 2,441,518 individuals who have registered with the A. A. U. committee for the purpose of engaging in athletics of one form or another; and this exclusive of swimmers, wrestlers, boxers, basket-ball players, baseball players and gymnasts.

Who See Athletic Sports

When I add that the official figures of valuation of the property owned by clubs whose members take an active interest in track and field sports is placed at $24,279,193, it will, I think, be acknowledged that no sleep need be lost over the fear that American sport, either in the colleges or out, is in the least danger of being absorbed or wrecked by the carefully-selected and trained few.

Perhaps, too, the verdict of the American public, as given through attendance at the games, may be of some assistance in arriving at a saner view of this recurring and vexing winter question. To include all the branches of sport would make too long a list, so I give only the football figures, which are not offered as absolutely exact, but as sufficiently so to be at least indicative.

At the Harvard-Yale game at Cambridge there were about 40,000 spectators; at Yale-Princeton, New Haven, about 35,000; Harvard-Carlisle Indians, Cambridge, 28,000; Pennsylvania-Cornell, Philadelphia, 26,000; Annapolis-West Point, Philadelphia, 27,000; Pennsylvania-Carlisle Indians, Philadelphia, 22,000; Princeton-Carlisle Indians, New York, 20,000; Pennsylvania-Michigan, Ann Arbor, 19,000; Minnesota-Carlisle Indians, Minneapolis, 15,000. And these are but a few of the most widely known contests, which serve simply to suggest how the public feels toward this game.

It would not be human if the new rules of football failed to come under discussion at the close of the season, and it would be positively startling if no one came forward with objections and new things to try. So we have been reading a deal about the forward pass having found no favor in the eyes of certain of the college coaches, who claim that it introduces an element of "chance" into the game which should not be allowed, and who insist that the new play be either restricted or abandoned. Incidentally, it may be noted that the loudest wail always arises from the quarters which showed least grasp of the opportunities given by the revised rules for brain work.

No one will deny, who saw many of last season's games, that the forward pass was very bunglingly executed by the majority of the teams that attempted its use; at the same time it is a fact that the teams which played the best football, apart from the forward pass, also executed the forward pass the most brilliantly. Furthermore, the teams which finished in the lead of the season's contests were the ones to give the most perfect exhibitions of the forward pass. It was to be expected that only a small percentage of the teams would master this new play, for it is one which demands exactness of action and concerted effort of the most intelligent kind. That so few of the elevens perfected themselves in the manœuvre of the play is no reason for revising the rules governing; but, on the contrary, every good reason for retaining what is likely to prove the most advanced step the rule makers of this game have ever taken. It would be a distinct backward step to eliminate the forward pass, which, together with the ten-yard rule, has rehabilitated the game in public favor; let the football coaches advance with the game.

Planting the Pheasant

Interest in bird life because of its economic value grows apace with very gratifying rapidity. Among the latest evidences of it is the distribution of the pheasant by the farmers of Colorado. This is only following the example set some time ago by the farmers of Illinois and Kansas, who had discovered that the pheasant is a relentless and remarkably diligent enemy of the insects which devastate the grain and the fruit, and of the worms which prey upon the roots and the bodies of plants.

While the pheasant cannot be domesticated, its eggs can be successfully hatched under the common hen. There are few birds in this country which are more worth cultivating than this importation from China via England; they are the most indefatigable destroyers of insects, their plumage is handsome and their flesh unexcelled.

I have the pleasure to thank and to inform the "Resident of Maine," who wrote from Michigan, that my figures, in a recent number, of deer killed in Maine should, as I intended, have included the seasons of 1906-7, the figures in detail being about twenty-five thousand deer killed in 1906 and fifteen thousand in 1907, making the total of forty thousand as stated.

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

Where Sit the Mighty

THE kindly old gentleman who loves children was walking through Central Park and stopped to watch a group of youngsters at play. He stood for some time unnoticed by them, and then, at last, sank upon a near-by bench to continue his observations. It was at that moment that one of the little ones, catching his eye, burst into tears.

"Git up off'n that there bench!" wailed the youngster.

"Oh, my lad," protested the old gentleman, retaining his position, "don't you know that that is no way to address your elders?"

But the youngster brandished his fists threateningly and violence gleamed from his blazing eyes.

"You git up right away," he cried, "or you'll be sorry fer it!"

"But, my boy," mildly protested the shocked old gentleman, sitting tight, "you should at least ask me politely, and give me a reason for your request."

"Reason?" repeated the now blubbering child. "If you don't know the reason yet, you will in a second; you're sitting—you're sitting on my lemon-pie!"

A Difference of Opinion

BISHOP CYRUS D. FOSS, of the Methodist Church, though the kindliest of men, is also a man of ready retort and has a reputation for upholding the dignity of the cloth that is as well deserved as it is widespread among his fellow-churchmen. According to one of these, the Bishop was not long ago making the railroad journey from Chicago to New York when the party of which he was a member was joined by a stranger, who fell into conversation with its members, and became extremely frank in airing his views, which were by no means those of his companions.

The conversation had not been turning upon religious subjects, but the self-invited guest insisted upon bringing it around in that direction and in criticising orthodoxy in general and its preachers in particular. Everybody, however, was as polite as might be until the stranger set forth upon a speech of abuse against clergymen, declaring them all ignoramuses.

"Yes," he concluded, "if I had a son who was really sap-headed, I tell you, I'd make a preacher of him."

Bishop Foss smiled a little wickedly.

"Indeed?" he replied. "Your father does not seem to have agreed with you."

Why He was Romeo

RICH as is E. H. Sothern's legacy of talent from his father, E. A. Sothern, the younger actor also inherited from his father a large wealth of anecdote of stage celebrities. "I remember," he said recently to a friend, "whenever I see or study Romeo and Juliet, a story that my father used to tell about Spranger Barry.

"Barry, my father used to insist, was at his best as Romeo, because of his good physique, his melodious voice and his ardent stage-wooing. One time he attracted all London to Covent Garden by his excellent performance of this rôle, and my father said that he had it from an old man who had known Barry well that this season was the romantic actor's period of greatest success.

"It was all very fine for Barry, but Garrick found himself, at the Drury Lane, playing to empty benches. In order to split the audiences of Barry, he therefore himself put on Romeo and Juliet, in which, by the way, he did not particularly shine.

"Garrick did not act the part especially well, said my father's informant, and he surely did not look it. And it was very evident that the audiences agreed in this opinion, for when the Juliet of Garrick exclaimed: 'O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?' a self-appointed critic in the pit shouted in answer to the query:

"'Because Barry is playing it at Covent Garden!'"

Some Punctuation Folks

Miss Portia Post

HERE is Miss Portia Post, who is very fond of asking questions. You would know that by observing her ear. It is what might be called an interrogative ear. She never misses catching a word. She ought to wear a catcher's mitt, though, perhaps, that would look too much like an ear-muff, and ear-muffs are not becoming to ladies.

Sylvester Boggs

And this is Sylvester Boggs. He is sometimes called "Exclamation Point Boggs," for a reason altogether obvious. When he talks every sentence is a climax! It reminds one of a man sneezing. Mr. Boggs should have more repose of manner.

Cecilia Beadle

And now we come to Cecilia Beadle, who writes poetry in blank verse. Note the poetical expression of her face—or is it a blank expression? It is quite wonderful the way she punctuates her compositions solely with the use of the comma. She doesn't know a single rule of punctuation, but depends altogether on her eye. It might be said that Cecilia has a commacal eye, but that would be too cheap. The hired man could think of a dozen jokes like that in a day and earn his dollar and a half sawing wood. —*Peter Newell.*

The Tie that Binds

A TRAVELER along a hot and dusty road in Alabama last summer was doing his best to urge his weary horse to something like an imitation of speed when he came upon a colored man trudging in the opposite direction, and paused long enough to inquire of him concerning the turnings to right or left that should bring him to his destination. The colored man gave the advice desired and then, just as his inquisitor was about to drive on, attracted the attention of the white man to the mourning-band upon his hat.

"Boss," said the negro, "A'm goin' to a fun'ral. Could you jes' hand me out a nickel fer flowers?"

"A funeral?" echoed the white man, producing the coin. "I'm sorry. Is the deceased a relative of yours?"

"Thank yo', sah. Yes, sah, he—he's a relative all right."

"Indeed? Near or distant?"

The colored mourner paused to consider.

"Well," he at length replied, "dat depen's on how yo' consider it. Walkin', I'd call it distant, fer he lived 'bout ten an' a half miles away."

Grace Under the Law

WHEN the Reverend Dr. Alexander Mackay-Smith came to Philadelphia as Bishop-Coadjutor of the Diocese of Pennsylvania in the Episcopal Church, one of the first persons to entertain him was a well-known banker, at whose house Bishop Mackay-Smith dined a few nights after his arrival in the city. As they sat down at table, the host asked the Bishop to say grace, with which request the visitor, of course, graciously complied. Then, the prayer over and the feast begun, Doctor Mackay-Smith looked up smiling.

"My dear sir," said he, "do you know that I was a little afraid to ask a blessing, until I remembered something which I had read in the papers a short time ago?"

"Afraid?" repeated the banker. "And of what, pray?"

"Yes, afraid," insisted the Bishop, "until I recollected that the legislature had just done away with your Pennsylvania law, insisting upon a three days' grace."

"And Unashamed"

NOT until she had reached the mature age of five was Margaret permitted the dissipation of a "church supper." It happened, however, that, when she attained to that tale of years, the woman's guild of her parish advertised such a banquet for the very day she celebrated the anniversary of her birth.

Naturally, Margaret immediately looked upon that supper as her very own, a spread in her honor, and insisted that there would be no success for the guild unless she was permitted to attend as guest of honor. The family demurred for a while, but at last the mother decided to take the child along.

When the feast was over and the little girl had returned, her father, who was one of those men who consider their duties done if they send a check and stay at home, expressed a certain curiosity as to what had occurred.

"Did you have a good time, my dear?" he asked.

"Yes, papa, we had a fine time," Margaret ecstatically responded.

"And what did you have to eat?"

"Oysters, of course. It was an oyster supper, you know."

"To be sure. And what sort of oysters did you have?"

"Every sort. We had fried oysters and stewed oysters and—and—and naked oysters."

Suffragists

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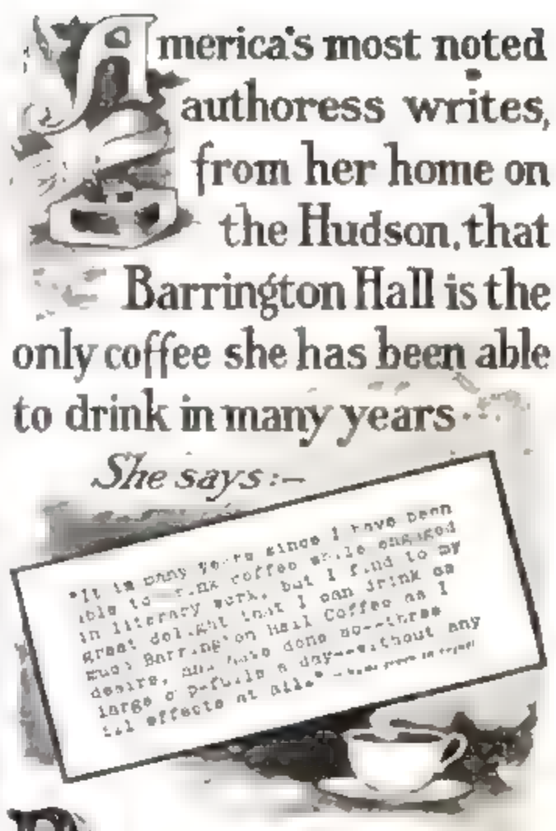
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YOUR HOME

How to Approach a Decorator and Profit by His Skill

By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton

IN THE first place, one must not for a moment think that "house decoration" is for the rich alone. It is no more for the rich, except in its expensive elaborations, than for the man of medium means who loves the beautiful. And the words "house decoration" are used in the sense, which they have gradually come to hold, of meaning the outfitting and furnishing a house in such a way as to see to it that all the details are harmonious, that floors and walls and ceilings and furniture are, throughout, concordant and congruous; that not only is each room well balanced within itself, but that each room is considered in its relation to the rest of the house.

To do all this perfectly, whether through one's own knowledge and skill or with the aid of a decorator, would produce the perfect house, but there are always shortcomings, even with the best of knowledge and of aid; and to reduce, if possible, the shortcomings to a minimum, there are many, especially those of finest taste and cultivation, who like to consult a professional decorator and secure the advantages of his training.

But it is a curious fact that many people, even of the wealthy, dread to approach a decorator. Perhaps they fear that, unless they say just the proper things, they will be snubbed and made to appear foolish. With some there is the fear that the decorator is a kind of business man who goes about seeking, in a financial sense, whom he may devour.

The Right Kind of Decorator

As to the financial feature—well, any decorator will frankly admit, being human, that he best likes the kind of commission which gives him absolute freedom as to materials and price, with months in Europe and a bill of many thousands at the end of it; but, if he is the right kind of a decorator (and if he isn't the right kind you don't want him), he respects and welcomes taste and knowledge, even though they approach him with a slim purse.

And, as to the other point, you may feel quite assured that your advances will not be repulsed, that your ideas will not be ridiculed, that you will not be made to feel small and mean, unless it is your own spirit that tells you, contritely and humbly, that there is much to learn. For the decorator is quite as anxious to be approached by you as you are to approach him.

Here is the recent experience of a man who, writing to a New York decorator for ideas in regard to curtains for his sitting-room windows, mentioned casually that he might some time wish suggestions for a dining-room and bedroom. His home was in a good neighborhood, his letter-paper was impeccable (an illuminative point that decorators never fail to notice!), and so, in reply, there came a twelve-page typewritten letter that gave, as "Mr. X's first suggestion for the sitting-room," a complete outline of furnishings and colors and designs; also "Mr. X's second suggestion for the sitting-room," thus giving an entirely different decorative scheme. And there was also "Mr. X's third suggestion for the sitting-room." Nor was this all, for there were first, second and third full outlines for the dining-room, and "Mr. X's first, second and third suggestions" for the complete decoration of the bedroom; everything being itemized down to the smallest detail.

Surely, the man who hungers and thirsts after righteousness of taste ought to receive something of value from a decorator so prolific of ideas.

A good way to begin is to consult two different decorators, either in person or by letter, after deciding upon which two from their advertisements or their window displays.

For one, select a man whose entire business is decorating; for the other, it might be well to try one of the great establishments which have house decoration as a department; for in this way you will secure variety of viewpoint, ideas and prices. If in the same city with the decorators you will probably prefer to see them in person.

To discuss the matter intelligently, a decorator will need to know whether he is expected to deal in dollars, in hundreds of dollars or in thousands of dollars. But this does not mean that you must tell him precisely the sum you are to spend; you would not like to do this, and, anyhow, it is to depend upon your definite plans, formed after a consideration of propositions.

The decorator will wish to learn, as soon as he can, just how broadly he is to take up a scheme of decoration, and about how much of a free hand he is to have, and how much of intelligent coöperation. Although any good decorator respects intelligent coöperation, and indeed welcomes it, for he knows that his schemes are more likely to have real appreciation, there is nothing he so much dreads as unintelligent supervision—the kind that, with assurance, but without knowledge, arbitrarily interferes and criticises. As to these things, he forms his own conclusions from his interview with you or from your letters, while you, at the same time, are making up your mind in regard to him.

And now as to the methods of some of the most prominent decorators.

There is one, of national reputation, who will send complete working drawings for the interior of any usual room for twenty-five dollars. For several rooms he will do it for fifty; for an ordinary house, one hundred. These will include specifications for woodwork, floor covering, wall covering, ceiling treatment, fireplace and furniture. With these plans you may set your cabinetmaker to work, interview your furniture dealer, order your wall-paper, have your fireplace constructed, pick out your rugs.

He is, of course, a dealer in interior decorations as well as a designer, but, having paid for his schemes, you are free to buy elsewhere. If, however, you buy of him, the price you have paid for his plans is rebated on purchases, even to the extent of rebating the twenty-five dollars for your single room, if you only buy twenty-five dollars' worth of material from him. He believes that people feel more free to approach him, and he certainly feels more ready to furnish them his ideas, when there is a certain payment made.

Another, also of national reputation, sends his designs to inquirers without charge, trusting to a sense of honor that people will not adopt them and then buy of other dealers the materials to carry them out.

His way, after having an outline of what is desired, is to send a water-color sketch of an interior as he plans it; with this he sends samples of hangings, of net, of wall-covering, and photographs of such pieces of furniture as he suggests.

Keeping One's Own Personality

Now, a house-owner should never give up his own individuality, personality, taste, if he has taste, personality and individuality to give up. His house will never yield him the proper degree of satisfaction if it does not represent the best that is in him, but there is no reason why even the most intelligent taste cannot profit by suggestions from men who make house decoration the business of their lives.

But there is a great temptation to the rich to give up altogether too much to the decorator, because he nowadays offers so much. Before us lies a pamphlet, offering to take your house, just as it comes from the builder's hands, and complete it in every detail, even to supplying the glass, the china and the silver, and, as a final touch, engaging and installing the servants. That sort of thing is, indeed, housefurnishing made easy, but it is not what the person of individual taste desires. One might just as well live in a hotel, for there would be complete loss of the precious features that make one's own home. The rich man who gives his newly-married daughter, as a surprise gift, a home completely outfitted takes from her one of the keenest and most elevating of pleasures.

Your task is comparatively easy if your rooms are of such architectural proportion and design as almost to make them look well-furnished even when bare. Few rooms, however, are so admirably designed; and so, in almost all cases, the problem is the attainment of apparent proportion, as well as the superficial application of ornament. The effect of horizontal lines and vertical lines, the way to make a room seem higher or lower, longer or shorter, nay, even larger or smaller—such things are often quite as important as the merging of colors and the choice of designs.

Sometimes a fine preliminary effect is secured by the altering of a door, the taking down of a partition, the changing of a stairway. But, as a rule, the best decorators dislike to destroy much. They wish to decorate, not discourage. They do not like to begin by practically rebuilding a house. And they always feel a pride in succeeding from unpromising materials; for example, a place which is well known as a model of decorative beauty, in New York City, was made by the throwing together of a basement restaurant and a cellar adjacent.

There are decorators who think in terms of Italian palaces; there are others who think in terms of lattice-windowed cottages; there are others who think in terms of gilded, cafélike interiors. There are some who will work best in lines of gorgeousness; others who favor a touch of austerity; others who love a grave and quiet charm. And so try to get the kind that is best for you personally.

Four Kinds of Householders

A famous decorator frankly divides his customers into four classes. (And that decorators are frank in judging house-owners is certainly a good reason why house-owners should in turn be frank in weighing and judging them.) The first class the decorator calls the "eclectics"—people who, not understanding the broad principles of decoration, can, unassisted, pick up only pretty odds and ends. His second class comprises the devotees of the present-day arts and crafts, and those who want the comfortable, dignified Mission. (And, as he says, with insight into the feminine mind, many a slender little woman likes the big and sturdy!) The third class—he being himself a devotee of the Colonial—are those who love the charm, the strength, the beauty of that style. The fourth are those who follow the early English, as that includes not only the best of what we call Colonial, but the Elizabethan and Jacobean as well.

Decorators will gladly furnish ideas and material for any single item of furnishing as well as for entire rooms or houses, but, naturally, they are always ready to do as much as possible. A few days ago a friend went into a decorator's shop and asked for a certain kind of wall-paper. It was unrolled and displayed, other kinds were also displayed, and a little conversation was, meanwhile, fetching out a description of the room and of what was at present in it. Next came, unobtrusively, a rug for the floor, some hangings for the window and some upholstery fabric to repeat the colors; next, a table and a couple of chairs, to show the proper designs, and then, while admiring all this, there appeared a three-legged tea-table, and upon it were set two pieces of Queen Anne silver. Well, there was a fine room visualized by the decorator, which precisely satisfied our friend's ideas—and it had come from a simple inquiry for wall-paper.

As to prices, although some decorators may be approached reasonably, others aim frankly at expensiveness, knowing that many of the wealthy will not go to a man who has not won a reputation for high prices and exclusive work. "I am just getting ready to charge enough," said a decorator frankly, in conversation the other day.

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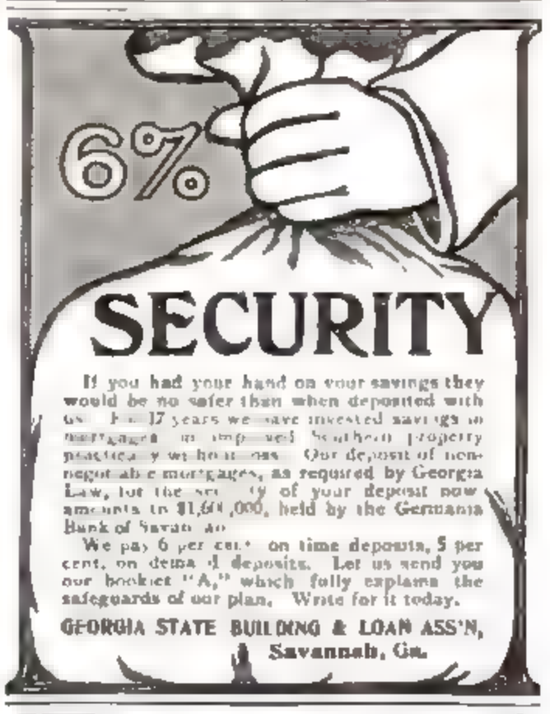

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But here is an illustrative example of another type. A decorator went to a house in which the drawing-room had been finished according to his scheme. He gave the room a final survey, with its admirable cornice, its white-pillared fireplace (with the mantel empty except for two candelabra standing in front of a long, low mirror, just as he had suggested), its chairs and tables, its rugs, its hangings of ribbed velvet reaching to the broad white window-sills. He got up and walked about. He altered the positions of the chairs to a greater informality. He looked carefully over every detail. "There is something else needed," he said quietly; and the owner was quite prepared to hear him order some ormolu, some piece of glorious Sèvres; something, in short, that would be costly, and would come from his own establishment. "There is something else needed—ah, now I see!—you should get half a dozen geraniums, in their plain red flower-pots, and put them on the white window-sills, for the touch of greenery and color and the homelike effect."

In writing to a decorator it is well to send him a room-plan of your house, and he likes also to have photographs of the rooms as at present furnished. From these helps he can, if a wise man, better understand what he should do. He will consider you as a house-artist, with himself, if your furnishings show it, and he will not suggest alarmingly expensive new interiors if he sees he is to deal with a person of taste, but of moderate means.

It is an ideal condition, when the house-owner has pronounced intelligent views, and has secured the advice of a decorator who understands and appreciates them.

And, no matter how broad the knowledge and experience of the house-owner, no matter how admirably he may have raised his standard of taste through study and observation and opportunity, he should be able to learn something, at least, from a good decorator. We remember a veteran decorator saying: "After all, I have been experimenting, and unlearning my mistakes, for over twenty years, and I ought to know a good many things that the man doesn't know who is decorating his first or second house."

Perhaps, after outlining your own ideas, and learning that those of the decorator pretty well agree with them, you have told him to go ahead, as you are really too busy to give time to details, and know that the general plan agreed upon will represent your taste. Of course, you thus lose a great deal of satisfaction, but, equally, of course, you save time.

You will not wish to let your decorator, no matter how able, outfit your house on too narrow lines, with too great a monotony of style; or, if his hobby is mural decoration, you will not let him banish pictures from every wall in the house. There is too much of narrowness in this, and it tends to narrow the spirit.

The narrowing or broadening of the spirit—that is, after all, the most important thing in regard to the decoration of the home. It is not merely whether or not a certain design or certain furniture is beautiful, but whether or not the home is to exert an influence for mental and spiritual betterment. Nothing is more certain than that a man is deeply influenced, for advancement or retrogression, by the surroundings of his home.

White and Gold and Brussels

Each room must be harmonious. There must not be red things in a yellow room, nor yellow things in a room of pink; there cannot, without violation of good taste, be a Mission chair in a Colonial room, or a modern sideboard in a Jacobean room. And each room must so harmonize with the adjoining rooms that, no matter how different they may be, it must not be the kind of difference which makes a violent jar. Mrs. Edith Wharton somewhere refers to a white-and-gold drawing-room, opening into a hall with Brussels carpet and papered walls, as expressing the very acme of bad taste in cases of this character.

But outside of the limits which good judgment must be depended upon to recognize, there may be wide variety of decoration with unity of effect. The whole world may nowadays be levied upon for the fine, the attractive, the beautiful. Brocades from France, cloth of splendidly effective shades from India, tooled leather from Germany, rugs richly wrought from Persia, strange fabrics from China and Japan, fine things from France or Italy, as well as the best that can be offered by England and our own land, in the best designs of the past and of the present—in short, the possibilities are endless. And therein lies one of the chief reasons why the house-owner should be ready to profit by the decorator's knowledge and resources—that is, the decorator, through his varied facilities and agents, should be in touch with the best things that the entire world can offer.

It is not enough that you, personally, or your decorator shall recognize the beauty of the wainscoting of some superb hall, for there must also be artisans who can execute a copy of it. It is not enough to recognize the fine effectiveness of certain plain tape-bordered curtains, for there must also be needlewomen who can copy them.

Some of the resources which decorators put at your service are extraordinary, for there are two, at least, who will gladly furnish you with artificial ancestors as part of their schemes of decoration. What a first aid to the ambitious! Should you wish a line of old family portraits for your Georgian dining-room, how bootless would the wish seem! Should you wish some grim Puritans for your old-English hall, what artist could you secure! Yet the decorator steps bravely in and furnishes them. He will give you old-looking pictures in frames of ancient black or of faded gilt—cold and formal Puritans if you have outfitted in lines of austerity, or artificial ancestors bewigged and beruffled if your house is more luxuriant. He will tell you, indeed, that the English eighteenth-century figures are far more decorative than the American, on account of the richer dress, and that really, therefore, it is better to have English ancestry of that period than of those that came over in the Mayflower.

"I have an artist," we remember a decorator saying, "who can reproduce an antique family portrait in a way that will bring tears to your eyes. He is a genius at getting the mellowed coloring."

To those who still stand in awe of the decorator it may as well be said that even the most expensive ones sometimes blunder. They may copy the walls of a great room of some Venetian palace and then have an unfit floor or ceiling to keep them company; they may copy the ceiling of an English mansion, and put it in a room entirely too small; they may admire and copy a staircase, and then have it placed where the surroundings are so different as to spoil its beauty.

A really important point, which decorators themselves sometimes forget, is that a room ought to be so furnished as to look best with people in it. The room which looks well only when empty, and which seems to have no proper place for human beings, is but an unsatisfactory, unhomelike, inhospitable sort of room, after all. And this inhospitableness of effect may come alike from the room cluttered with furniture and from the room of open spaces.

You don't need to think, in approaching a decorator, that you are necessarily going to be faced with an embarrassing number of problems, for some of the decorators work toward a bold simplicity. One of the best-known and successful has, for example, in the matter of library tables, just two shapes to offer. There is a square-cornered one, and there is an oval, each having been chosen after long consideration, and with one of these two, as the decorator will tell you, you should be satisfied. And his rule of simplicity continues throughout.

A good way of working with a decorator—an admirable way for one who can advantageously do it—is to profit by his skill while, at the same time, having your own taste as a base: this being remindful of Thackeray's whimsical suggestion for writing novels—to have the novelist and his assistant so in touch with each other that the novelist can go to dinner in the comfortable consciousness that in his absence the archbishop will die in five pages.

How Can Confidence be Restored?

THE country has just passed through a period of unbounded prosperity, accompanied by an enormous overextension of credit and inflation of prices of all commodities and securities. Prices finally reached a point where the financial institutions of the country could no longer finance the various new enterprises which were daily being floated, and a sharp halt was called on further expansion. With the business of the country in this condition it required but little to alarm the people, for the officers of the Government and the press had been uncovering so many instances of dishonest business methods that the failure of a few reckless copper speculators and banks was sufficient to alarm the entire business community and force the partial suspension of specie payments. We thus find ourselves in the position to-day that, in spite of a larger per-capita circulation than ever before, so much money is being hoarded that there is not sufficient currency to move the crops of the country and transact its legitimate business.

For political reasons a central national bank does not seem wise to establish at present, nor has the issue of Government bonds brought the relief desired. The suggestion of the Postmaster-General, on the other hand, finds wide approval—namely, a Government postal savings system, for which we already have almost the entire machinery necessary to put it into prompt operation. The plan as outlined is as follows: That the Postmaster-General be given authority to designate such money-order post-offices as may be deemed necessary to receive deposits of money for savings; deposits to be accepted for one dollar as a minimum, postmasters to be required to receipt for such deposits in the passbooks of the depositors and to make daily reports thereof to the Postmaster-General, who will acknowledge receipt of the deposits direct to the patrons; money deposited in the postal savings-banks not to be liable to demand, seizure or detention under legal processes against the depositor. Withdrawals may be made at any time, subject to certain regulations. On deposits made in postal savings-banks two per cent. interest per annum is to be allowed, the deposits to be limited to $500 by any one person; any person ten years old or more to be permitted to open an account, and children under ten years of age to have the same privilege, by having an account in the name of a parent or guardian, but withdrawals not to be made until the child attains the age of ten years.

As there is no doubt that the general public have entire confidence in the Government it is safe to assume that, if Congress deemed it wise to empower the Postmaster-General to inaugurate postal savings-banks, it would at once bring into the United States Treasury a large amount of currency which at present is being hoarded. The next question necessary would, therefore, be how to bring this money into circulation. As the Government pays two per cent. interest and bears the expense entailed in receiving these savings, the banks of the country should pay at least two and one-half per cent. for the use of it. I favor authorizing the Postmaster-General to deposit these savings, in about the proportion in which they are received from the various sections of the country, with any national or state bank or trust company, whenever such financial institutions deposit as collateral security approved railroad, state or municipal bonds, the market value of these securities to determine the proportionate amount of savings which they may receive.

With the above plan Congress should enact such legislation as to provide a more flexible currency, and for this purpose issue currency at the request of any state or national bank or trust company that deposits approved state, municipal or railroad bonds for the amount of the market value of such securities. This currency should at all times be considered emergency currency, and be subject to a tax of five per cent., to be paid into the United States Treasury, both as a guarantee against possible loss that might be entailed by the Government and as a check to a possible oversupply of currency when not required. The United States Government should guarantee all this currency, and it should be redeemed in gold.

With our currency safely founded on a gold basis, with a postal savings system to prevent hoarding, and with emergency currency guaranteed by the United States Government, the dangers of serious and widespread financial panics should be greatly lessened.

—A. H. Vogel, *Milwaukee.*

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PLAYBILLS OF THE PANIC SEASON

(Concluded from Page 9)

Man, in spite of the patriotic prints on his walls and the gore in the back of his waistcoat, is Teutonic to the core.

In The Man from Home, Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson show themselves the real thing in Who's Hoosiers. The Man is William Hodge, best known hitherto as the rustic in Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch; and the home he hails from is Kokomo, Indiana. The scene of the play is in and about a hotel in southern Italy, with delicious little perspectives of the Mediterranean seen through terraced slopes with a background of mountains, and the people are mainly Europeans and American expatriates. But that only serves to throw into quainter relief the vivid and ingenuous Americanism of Daniel Voorhes Pike.

Pike is a guardian, too, and has unduly indulged his wards, who have learned in a long sojourn abroad to despise their country after the manner of the expatriate. The young girl, Ethel (Olive Wyndham), is about to marry a titled English adventurer. To the dismay and mortification of the young folk Pike arrives on the scene in a breeze of homely Americanism. He is as tender-hearted as Wes' Bigelow, but the means he employs for straightening things out is horse-sense, not the horsewhip.

On his journey, Pike has fallen in with a bearded stranger, a man of the world, who appreciates his homely shrewdness. At luncheon the stranger gives Pike a toast of caviar. He makes a wry face. The stranger gives him a swallow of liquor to take away the taste—vodka. With a choke Pike seizes the caviar, to take away the taste of the vodka. Oh, for a wedge of pie! This is the means, as skillful as it is amusing, by which the authors tell us that the stranger is a Russian; and it transpires that he is a Grand Duke incognito.

The plot thickens with the entrance of a Nihilist fleeing from extradition. Pike, generously aided by the Grand Duke, a man of real nobility, helps the wretch to escape, and, in so doing, learns that the English nobleman is a fortune-hunter, and already married to a divorced woman, whom he has abandoned. While the expatriates were falling victims to the glamour of a minor title The Man from Home has been chumming with royalty—two of Nature's noblemen incognito. The end is a sentimental scene in which Ethel, very prettily if very improbably, confesses that she loves Mr. Hodge.

The little play makes no pretense of realism, and the story and characters are by no means new. But as a romance, a sort of Monsieur Beaucaire of the Pie-Belt, it has extraordinary quality. Technically, it is as neat as a honeycomb, and in literary finish as fresh and delicate as a rose-leaf. Mr. Hodge is hand in glove with Daniel Pike, and, as the Grand Duke, Mr. Eben Plympton has extraordinary poise, freedom and distinction.

A Beaucaire of the Pie-Belt

The one new play which is, in the full Continental sense, a play with an idea is The Witching Hour, and this is the play which, to all appearances, is destined to carry the banner of the season's successes. The metropolitan critics with one accord asked the scarcely courteous question of how Mr. Augustus Thomas happened to do anything so good. A few weeks before it, The Ranger, a Western melodrama, reeking with Greaser atmosphere, went down with all on board, including Mr. Dustin Farnum, who had lately carried the far from superlative Virginian to season after season of prosperity. This play has carried Mr. John Mason into his first great triumph.

The reason seems to be that, reversing the formula of Mr. Bronson Howard, the playwright wrote to please himself. Mr. Thomas is a man of convictions. Among other things, he believes in the might of the human spirit. To state the case more concretely, he believes in clairvoyance, telepathy, mental suggestion and hypnotism as practical means toward a spiritual life; and he wrote The Witching Hour to show the faith that is in him.

The story doesn't sound very promising. Three of the four acts take place in a fashionable gambling house in Louisville, Brookfield's, which, with its splendidly luxurious silken hangings and its collection of Corots and Rousseaus on the walls, and the fashion of its patrons, suggests the notorious Canfield's, though Brookfield (Mr. Mason) runs his house on the level. Then there is a youth, a frequenter of Brookfield's, who has inherited an aversion to the harmless if not quite necessary cat's-eye, and who, having a cat's-eye scarfpin forced upon his attention, flies into a hysterical passion and kills the wearer. His rival for the love of the young heroine is a Kentucky politician and district attorney, known at Brookfield's to have procured the assassination of the Governor. He now uses the lad's crime to rid him of a rival, prosecuting him mercilessly. He is frustrated, partly by the intervention of a United States judge, whose sympathies are aroused through his belief in occult spiritual powers, and partly by Brookfield, who proclaims the prosecuting attorney's crime, and so rouses the fifty thousand people of Louisville to such indignation against him that the combined force of public opinion suggests into the minds of the closeted and unconscious jury the verdict of not guilty.

In a rage the exposed politician and defeated district attorney rushes in to murder Brookfield, and thrusts a pistol against his heart. "You can't pull that trigger," says the gambler, turning the light full in the eyes of his assailant. "You can't even hold that gun." The pistol falls to the floor. "I'd like to know how you did that," says the villain.

Even the most fervent admirers of the play have echoed his question, and with regard to more than one incident of the play. The able critic of the New York Sun cites Bramwell's work on hypnotism (1906) as declaring: "After many years of hypnotic work and frequent opportunities of investigating the experiments of others, I have seen nothing, absolutely nothing, which might fairly be considered as affording even the slightest evidence of the existence of telepathy, or any of the so-called occult phenomena."

In one case Brookfield demonstrates his power to read the cards in another's hand, and it is intimated that unconsciously he owes his success as a gambler to mind reading. The Society for Psychic Research declares, as the actual result of experiments in card reading, that the number of correct guesses "fell far below the number which ought to have been reached according to the laws of chance." In short, though it is obviously impossible to prove that things could not have happened as Mr. Thomas represents, the likelihood that they did so happen is infinitesimal, so that the play is, on the basis of cold reason, vastly improbable.

Yet, without any exception that I can find, those who have seen The Witching Hour have not only felt in it the interest of a powerful drama but have received the impression of strong and sincere spirituality. Mr. Thomas has always had the power of delineating vividly natural characters, even in such flimsy performances as The Ranger. Here his power is consummate, with at most the exception of his episode of Young Love and cat's-eyes. His plentiful wit is sudden and illuminating. Brookfield deposes that, in his youth, he found wild oats so profitable that "he stayed in that branch of the grain business" until he was able to buy Corots with the proceeds.

Throughout, the supernatural is in intimate juxtaposition with the humorous and the familiar. Whenever any one expresses faith, there is always some one on the stage who is skeptical or frankly scoffing. Perhaps the most convincing character of all is the Judge, admirably played by Russ Whytal, a tender, intelligent old bachelor whose dreams of the hidden world centre in the young woman he loved and lost half a century gone, and whose memories, tinged with poetry and mignonette, expand the heart and bring unwilling tears. But the great power of the play is over and above all this. It lies in a pervading sense of the unseen, ennobling forces in life, which the heart of the most skeptical rejoices to believe in. And that is the reason why Mr. Thomas has elected to deal with characters and incidents at first sight unpromising.

THE ANOMALOUS HUGHES

(Concluded from Page 4)

Meantime he is interested in nothing else. If people want to talk of him as a candidate for President, that is their affair, not his. If it so happens that there shall be any delegates selected for him and they demand to know his position before they go into the convention to vote for him, he will, at the proper time, make such a statement as he thinks is advisable. That is what his friends say will happen. They confess they are almost as much in the dark concerning his intentions as the outside public, but that may be set down as a fairly accurate statement of the Governor's attitude, without, of course, claiming any authority from the Governor for it.

The Administration crowd in Washington recognize in Hughes their greatest obstacle. As the thing stands, with Hughes doing nothing for himself and allowing nothing to be done, but with a growing sentiment in his favor among the people, it might easily happen that he will be the logic of the situation at Chicago.

The Administration crowd knows this and that is why they are trying to force Hughes out into the open. That is why the resolution was held over in New York by the Republican County Committee. Well-informed politicians say the New York Republican State Convention that will elect delegates-at-large to the Chicago Convention will instruct those delegates for Hughes, which, of course, is merely political prophecy as things stand at the time this article is written, and entitled to just that consideration and no more. Whether or not the delegates-at-large are instructed for Hughes—which means the delegation will be for him if they are so instructed—there need be no idea that the delegation will be solidly and enthusiastically for Hughes.

There will be Hughes men on it, but there will be anti-Hughes men on it, also, and New York will not rip-snort around Chicago for Hughes unless the present temper changes. Men who have set up delegations before think New York will cast a decorous vote for Hughes and then go elsewhere. Still, the convention is not until the middle of June, and many things may happen before that time.

The Hughes boom, as has been shown, is entirely a people's movement. With the exception of a few New York local politicians, who are trying to advertise themselves by it and without encouragement from Hughes himself, nobody is doing anything in the way of getting any support for Hughes, besides talking. This talk is general.

Word comes from various States that, now President Roosevelt has definitely taken himself out of the race, the people think Hughes would be a good man to nominate. There is much of this sentiment in New England, the leaders there report. There is a good deal of it in the West—not enthusiasm, but inquiry.

Meantime it is vigorously asserted that Hughes is an out-and-out candidate for President, that he wants the place and that he has hit on this method of getting it. Taking that view of it, there never was a canvass like it. Here is a man who refuses to ask anybody to help him, who refuses to reach out for delegates, who has taken the stand that he is at Albany, being Governor, and that, if the people of the country want to nominate him, they know where to find him, but, far be it from him to lift a hand. It is a new kind of politics and, if it is politics, Hughes is a new kind of a politician. He has revised the rules and made over the game.

The politicians say the attitude of the Governor is "holier than thou" without realizing, perhaps, from a popular viewpoint, that it is an admirable attitude, if it means he is holier than the politicians. The people sum it up by saying: "I think this man Hughes would make a good President." If the people say that insistently enough the politicians will be obliged to say it, too. Whether the people will or not remains to be seen. But, through it all, Charles E. Hughes is saying nothing and sawing his gubernatorial wood.

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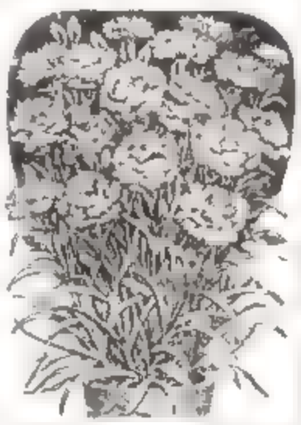

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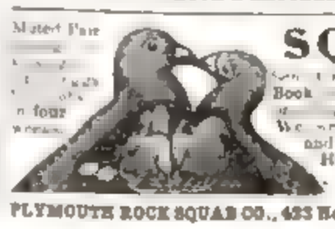

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The Diary of a Fool Investor—By Wallace Irwin

II—Mr. Quick's Experience with Table Salt and with a Captain of Industry

One tempting, teasing torment makes my fingers fairly itch —
Can't I preditate a little from the Predatory Rich?

February 10.—Mr. Clutch, Secretary of the Doolittle Table Salt Company, Unlimited, has sent me twelve copies of Jerkwater's Financial Guide. It is a modest, reliable paper with some fine tips on The Street. In an editorial it makes the following clever observations on Roosevelt:

> Nero fiddled when Rome burned Roosevelt watches the national conflagration and whangs the Big Stick as an accompaniment. He has shattered the reputation of honest patriots like Rockefeller and Harriman. He is a Menace. Nero, the Emperor, merely persecuted the Christians. Roosevelt, the Emperor, persecutes Christian and Jew.
>
> Patriotic Americans, let us cease with this destructive prying into other people's affairs. We want for President some constructive statesman like Joseph G. Cannon, who will run the Nation and no questions asked.

I notice that Jerkwater's Financial Guide mentions the Doolittle Table Salt as "gilt-edged, conservative, with 1000% guaranteed," and the Amalgamated Radium as "a mine of unlimited profit for men of limited means."

It is fine to hear my investments spoken so well of by an unprejudiced party.

February 20.—Schwartz, the butcher, has got a new kind of automobile which only cost him two hundred and fifty dollars, factory price. It is called a Punkocar and looks almost like a touring car. It burns gasoline, coal, excelsior, straw, or any other fuel which is convenient and economical When my stocks go to par I think I'll get one of these machines. Katydid and I can use this for our wedding tour and cut quite a splash.

February 21.—We have decided to call our new automobile the "Doolittle Daisy," out of courtesy to the President of the Table Salt concern.

March 15.—I am perplexed, but not baffled. Katydid refuses to speak to me to-day because I have postponed the wedding eight times. Can it be that she is becoming impatient? I have been obliged to dip into my salary to pay the twelve-dollar monthly installments for that Radium stock, because the automatic-dividend-payment scheme didn't seem to automat. They wrote me saying that the stock was "subject to the deferred dividend device well known in large transactions." They seem to know what they mean, but I am a trifle confused.

March 31.—To-day it occurred to me that the panicky condition of Wall Street might have affected my stocks, so I wired as follows to Secretary Clutch:

> Will the panic send Table-Salt stocks any lower?

April 1.—I received the following reply:

> It can't.

April 3.—A man needs the sympathy and encouragement of a good woman in times like this. Katydid has not been at home to me for a week, so I called to see Caryatid. I didn't know there was so much sweetness and gentleness in her nature. She took me in hand just like a child and encouraged me ever so much.

"It's true that something has happened to your nice, blue Table-Salt stock," she said; "but, after all, you have your Radium shares, haven't you? And they are all right, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes, they're all right," I said; "I'm still paying for them."

"Why did you leave the incubator before you were finished?" she asked ever so gently. Then she sat down with me and helped me concoct the following telegram to Mr. Clutch:

> When will Radium stocks go up?

April 4.—To-day I got the following reply from Clutch:

> They have gone up already.

April 5.—To-day Caryatid telephoned to me and I told her about Mr. Clutch's enigmatic reply. She was silent a moment, then she said:

"Jonah, dear, I want you to promise me one thing. Next time you see a Philanthropist coming at you with a million dollars I want you to say the magic words, 'Never Again.' Will you do that for my sake?"

"Well, er, yes—Never Again, unless it is an Absolute Certainty," I replied.

She gave a hard, cold laugh and hung up the telephone. She didn't know that at that very moment Midas Jones, the Boy Plunger, had the Biggest Bonanza in the World cozily snuggling in his inside pocket.

May 10.—The Boss called me down to-day for trying to sell a pair of dancing-pumps to a one-legged man He says he's

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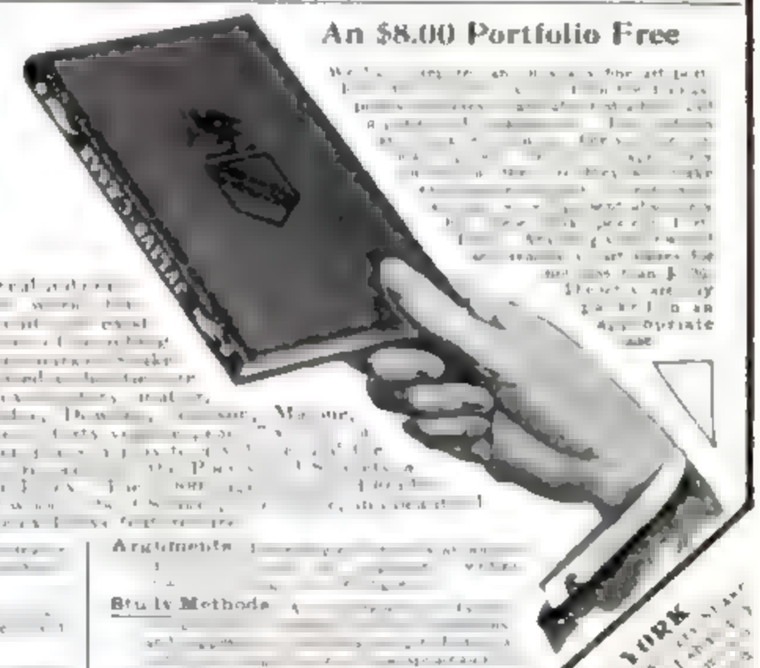

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not sure whether my trouble is absence of mind or absence of brain. I told him I was wasting a wholesale talent on a retail job. He said he'd wire Governor Douglas about me, so I went back to work.

May 12.—This new Bonanza I have picked out is something very spicy—no wooden nutmeg proposition this time! I wonder where I can borrow $50?

May 14.—It seems that I am getting quite a standing in Financial Circles since I dropped that $150 in Chimera Gold and Doolittle Table Salt stocks. Almost every mail brings me letters from well-known financiers asking me to invest. I wonder what my rating is in Bradstreet's?

May 15.—Eh, what! It's just a little teeny trifle neat to have a tap-wire dope on a stock proposition that can't lose!

A philanthropist named A. Seltzer writes me saying: "I GIVE TIPS ON THE STOCK MARKET." Well, if he does what he says he does, I don't see why I shouldn't be able to own the Atlantic cable by investing a shoestring. Here is Mr. Seltzer's letter:

Dear Friend Jonah:—Those who are on the inside of the Street freely admit that the Famous Millionaires of America have made their fortunes by cool science. The late Russell Sage, a sweet and kindly philosopher, said, "You can always win if you pick out something that cannot lose." Hill, Harriman, Rogers, Rockefeller never place their money on a stock until they KNOW that it is going up. It is wicked to gamble, but it is criminal to let the Chance in a Million go by.

Ten years ago I was the intimate associate of men like Hill, Harriman, Rogers and Rockefeller. I knew their secrets, I learned their methods. Midas-like I turned everything I touched into gold. But I longed for something finer than mere commercial success. I resolved upon a better life. I resolved to quit the Plunderbund and devote my days to doing my fellow-countrymen good.

Please send $10 for Seltzer's Futurity Gazette, my daily dope-sheet, giving each day's stock quotations with inside tips showing where these stocks will be a week from date.

May 16.—This sounds like a smart scheme—a little tricky, perhaps, but smart as Jamaica ginger. I am going to write and ask him where he gets his information.

May 19.—I got this answer to-day:

Dear Sir:—We receive our information by bribing the servants of famous capitalists. All the caddies employed by Mr. Rockefeller during his hours of recreation are, secretly, in our employ.

We have just received a $1,000,000 tip from H. H. Rogers' confidential chauffeur—do you want to get in on it?

Yours for success,
A. SELTZER.

May 21.—I wonder where I can borrow $50? I've got to put my money on that Rogers graft right away or the old man will get next and sell out. It seems he has doped the market on B. & U. (Bazoo & Utopia), a railroad stock which is now down to 17, but will rise to 39 at eleven o'clock A. M. on June 8. This is a jump of 22 points. On a five-point margin I make $220 on this.

May 22.—Seltzer says the only possible chance of losing is that Rogers may get wise and withdraw his money before we take it away from him.

May 23.—Caryatid came into the store to-day to buy a pair of common-sense Arctic goloshes. I asked her if she knew where I could borrow $50 on good security.

"What is your security?" she asked with the gentleness of a mother eagle.

"Bazoo & Utopia stocks on a five-point margin," I replied.

"The only security for you is a padded cell," said Caryatid as she kicked her way out of the store.

Just to think—I loved her once!

May 24.—While I was standing on the corner in sad reverie to-day my eye was gladdened by the following sign across the street:

SNIDEHEIMER THE LIFE-SAVER—SALARIES HYPOTHECATED

I found Mr. Snideheimer an affable gentleman who was willing to advance me $50 on two months' salary.

"What are you going to do with it?" he asked as he drew a fifty-dollar bill out of the money-drawer.

"I am going to invest it in stocks," I replied.

"Oh," said Snideheimer as he rubbed the fifty-dollar bill across his mustache.

"What are you doing that for?" I asked.

"I was just telling it good-by," he said as he handed me the money.

And now for a crack at Hank Rogers!

May 30.—Occupying the next room to mine at Mrs. Hannigan's boarding-house there is a tall yap named Roy Bennington Watts, who is studying to be a muck-raker. Last night I told him of our scheme to do Hank Rogers out of a million. It gave him an awful bite-in-the-ankle.

"There should be Ethics in every branch of activity," says R. B. W. to me.

"People are all the time talking about those things called Ethics," says I to R. B. W. "What is an Ethic, anyhow? Would you know an Ethic if you saw one a-coming at you with its tail up? What does an Ethic look like? Is it something you can eat or wear? Does it grow on trees or come in cans? Will you please make a noise like an Ethic?"

I left R. B. W. reading a soap ad. in the back of a magazine. Us Practical Financiers have got to talk callous to these Teddy Roosevelt boys.

B. & U. went down to 14 to-day.

June 3.—I saw Katydid to-day in front of the hardware store. Was she looking wan and pale? I guess yes! June 8, when B. & U. jumps to 39, will be a fine date for wedding bells.

B. & U. took a slide to 12 this morning.

June 4.—Schwartz, the butcher, had trouble with his $250 Punkocar on her maiden voyage. All four tires blew out, the gas-tank caught fire and the speedometer exploded. Schwartz says he is proud of the way the horn behaved. It got through without a scratch.

B. & U. is hanging on at 11.

June 6.—Seltzer writes, "We've got the drop on Hank Rogers."

B. & U. just dropped to 7.

June 7.—B. & U. is not on the list to-day. It is probably in training quarters, resting up for that great jump scheduled for to-morrow.

June 8.—Tired. I have been waiting at the post-office all day. I suspect that Mr. Seltzer is signing checks in alphabetical order. It's just my luck to have a name that begins with Q.

June 10.—I spoke to F. Augustus Grouch, head of the Quietus Savings Bank. I asked him if he was acquainted with A. Seltzer, a philanthropist.

"I guess that's what they call 'em nowadays," he said. "I have heard of a man named Seltzer who runs a bucket-shop in Brooklyn."

"What is a bucket-shop?" I asked.

"It's a place where the fools fill the buckets and the knaves empty them."

"Do not men like Hill, Harriman, Rogers and Rockefeller keep bucket-shops?" I asked.

"Their shops are called Legitimate Enterprises," said Mr. Grouch, kicking a yellow dog that passed.

"Don't the fools ever get tired of filling up the buckets?" For I still had hope.

"Fools never get tired of being fools," said the fogy financier.

June 12.—Am I the Village Idiot or merely an undeveloped Genius?

June 15.—Tom Lawson says there's an Element of Chance in every investment. It must be that Element that got at me.

June 18.—Maybe H. H. Rogers got on to what we were trying to do to him.

July 4.—Rockefeller made his in oil, Clark in mines and timber, Greene in copper—but not a one of them made it by work, as far as I can see. What then? I guess I'll quit my job!

The costliest materials form only about one-third of a painting bill. The rest of the money is paid for labor. A mistake in the paint means not only the loss of what the paint cost, but also the loss of the entire expenditure for putting the worthless stuff on the building. It is quite worth while to *test the paint before using it.*

The best paint is that mixed by your painter from *Pure White Lead* and *Pure Linseed Oil*, with the particular needs of your house in view. There is a simple test which anyone can make.

White lead is made from metallic lead and can be changed back to that metal by applying great heat. Any adulterations, such as chalk, barytes or other counterfeits, mixed with the white lead, prevent the appearance of *any* metallic lead, no matter how slight the adulteration. Therefore, if the sample yields drops of lead, it is pure; if not, it is adulterated

We Will Send You a Blowpipe Free

We want house-owners to know how to test paint. We welcome the test of our White Lead and Oil. Any reputable painter will use it. We consider it a service to anyone who wants to be sure of knowing good paint from bad. Everything necessary for the test, together with a little booklet, will go to you at once. Write for "Test Equipment F." Address

FULL WEIGHT KEGS

The [illegible] Lead Company will gladly refund the amount of white lead designated on the outside

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

(In the name of the [illegible] Lead Co. of [illegible])

New York, Boston, [illegible], John [illegible], Buffalo, [illegible], [illegible], [illegible],

SELLING A PATENT

(Continued from Page 7)

they will have an injunction out against you on that very point. Now let me show you how we can get around it."

Mr. Klug reluctantly and protestingly followed his mechanical idea, a logical application of the pneumatic principle, as he made it plain by sketches and demonstration on the machine.

"Another thing," went on Mr. Wallingford. "It occurs to me that all these little pistons multiply the chances of throwing your machine out of order. Why don't you make one compressible air chamber to actuate all the ticket pistons and to be actuated by all the keys, which would also open valves in the ticket pistons? It would save at least five dollars on each machine, make it simpler and much more practical. Of course, I'll have to patent this improvement, but I'll turn it over to you at practically no cost to the company."

Mr. Klug merely blinked. Six long years he had worked on this invention, following the one idea doggedly and persistently, and he thought he had it perfect. He had all the United Company's patents marked in his copies of the Patent Record, and now he went through the more basic ones one after the other.

"It is not there," he said in triumph, after an hour's search, during which Mr. Wallingford patiently waited. One book he had held aside, and now he put his finger quietly upon a drawing in it.

"No," he admitted, "not in the form that you have used it; but here is the trick that covers the principle, and this patent still has four years to run."

Carl examined it silently. In form the device was radically different from his own, but when he came to analyze it he saw that Wallingford was probably right; the principle had been covered, at least nearly enough to leave a loophole for litigation, and it worried him beyond measure.

"Don't look at it that way," comforted Wallingford. "Only be glad that we found it out in time. I'll apply for this patent right away and assign it to you. All I'll want for it will be a slight credit on the books of the company; say fifteen hundred."

Again Carl Klug blinked.

"I'll let you know this afternoon."

He needed time to figure out this tangled proposition; also he wanted, in simple honor, to talk it over with his friends.

"All right," said Wallingford cheerfully. "By the way, we don't want to form such a big partnership in a lawyer's office, where people are running in and out all the time. I'll provide a room at my hotel. That will be better, don't you think?"

"Sure!" slowly agreed Mr. Klug. He was glad to decide upon something about which a decision was easy.

"Can you get word to the others?" asked the promoter. "If not I'll go around and notify them."

"Oh, they're going to meet here. They all live up this way except Doctor Feldmeyer. You see him. I'll bring the lawyer along."

"All right," said Mr. Wallingford, quite hopeful that a lawyer other than Maylie would be secured, and after he had driven from sight he took out his pocketbook and counted again his available cash.

He had a trifle over six hundred dollars, and in the afternoon he would be expected to pay over the difference between five thousand dollars and the fifteen hundred he was certain would be allowed for his patent Thirty-five hundred dollars! At the present moment there was no place on earth that he could raise that amount, but nevertheless he smiled complacently as he put up his pocketbook. So long as other people had money, the intricacies of finance were only a pleasant recreation to him.

V

DOCTOR FELDMEYER awaited Carl Klug and his friends in the lobby of the hotel and brought them up to the private dining-room, where Mr. Wallingford, at the head of a long table and strictly in his element, received them with broad hospitality. In his bigness and richness of apparel and his general air of belonging to splendid things he was particularly at home in this high, beam-ceilinged apartment, with its dark woodwork, its rich tapestry, its stained-glass windows, its thick carpet, its glittering buffet. Around the snowy-clothed table were chairs for eight, and at each place stood a generous goblet.

As the first of the visitors filed in Mr. Wallingford touched a button, and almost by the time they were seated a waiter appeared with huge glass pitchers of beer. The coming of this beverage necessarily put them all in a good humor, and there was much refilling and laughing and talking of a purely informal character until Doctor Feldmeyer arose to his feet and tapped with his knuckles upon the table, when deep gravity sat instantly upon the assemblage.

"Since our host is already seated at the head of the table," said the doctor with easy pleasantry, "I move that he be made temporary chairman."

The doctor had lunched with Mr. Wallingford at noon, and now knew him to be a gentleman in every respect, a *bon vivant* who knew good food and good wine and good fellowship—a gentleman of vast financial resources, who did not care how he spent his money just so he got what he wanted when he wanted it; and he was quite willing to vouch for Mr. Wallingford, in every way, upon a gentleman's basis! The election of Mr. Wallingford as temporary chairman and of Doctor Feldmeyer as temporary secretary were most cordial and pleasant things to behold. The lawyer, a dry little gentleman who never ventured an opinion unless asked for it, and always put the answer in his bill, thereupon read the articles of agreement which were to bind these friends in a common partnership, whereby it was understood that Mr. Klug, in virtue of his patents, was to have one-half interest in the company, no matter to what size it might be increased, and that the other gentlemen were to put in such money as was needed to carry on the business, each one to share in the profits in exact proportion to the amount of his investment.

It appeared to be the unsmiling consensus of the meeting that this agreement was precisely what they wanted, and after it had been read again, very slowly and distinctly, the gentlemen interested solemnly signed it. While this little formality was being looked after, with much individual spelling out of the document, word by word, under broad forefingers, the waiter filled the glasses again and Mr. Wallingford turned to Mr. Klug.

"By the way," he asked, in a voice low enough to be taken as confidential, but loud enough to be heard by those nearest, "have you told the gentlemen about the new patent?"

Jens Jensen, seated next to Mr. Klug, took it upon himself to answer.

"That is all right," he said, nodding his head emphatically. "We know all about that," and a glance at the nodding heads about the table disposed of that question. It was quite understood that Mr. Wallingford was to have a fifteen-hundred-dollar credit for the invaluable addition and correction he had made to their principal asset, the wonderful cash register patent.

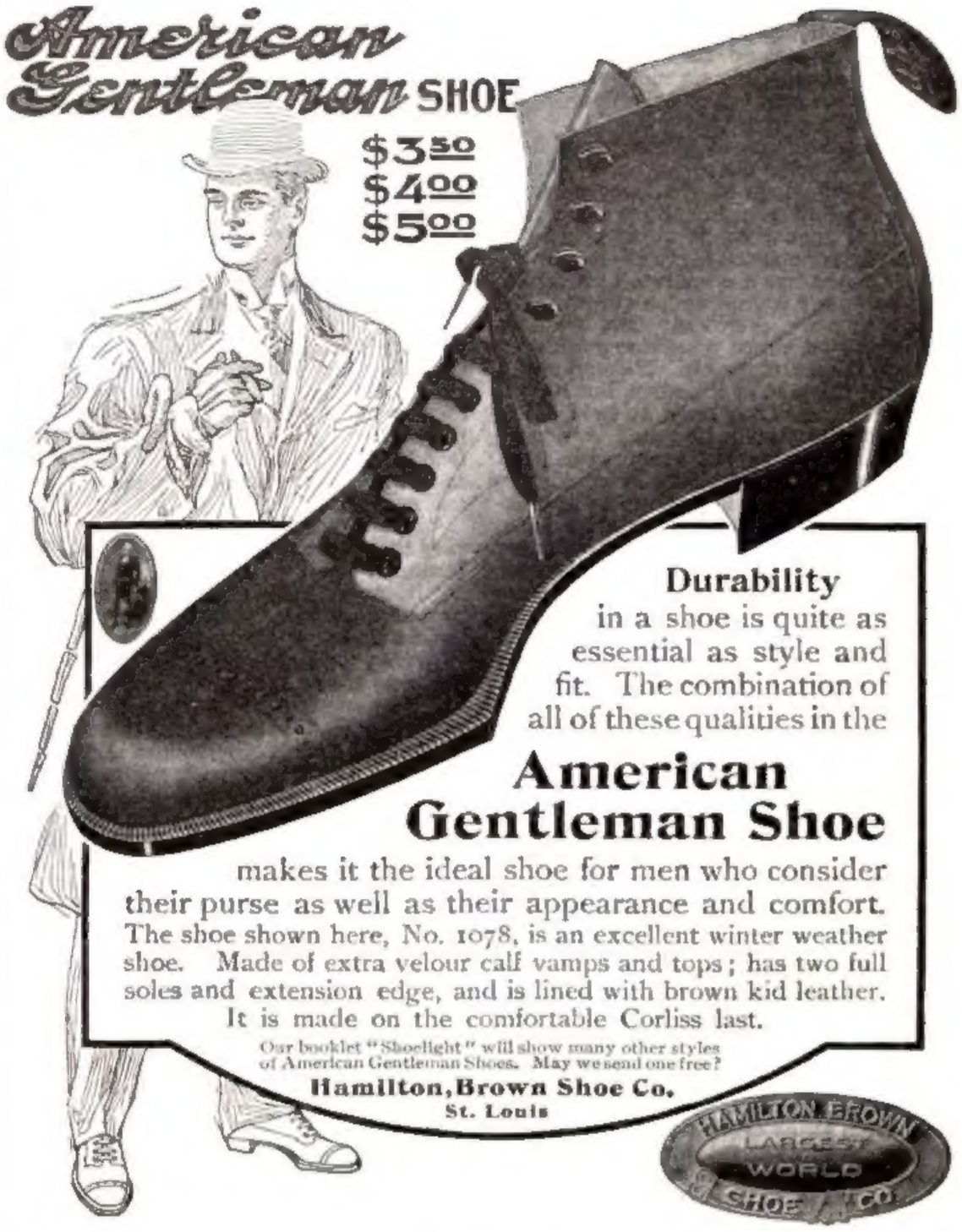
"Very well, then," said Mr. Wallingford, with a secret relief which he carefully kept out of his voice, "as temporary chairman I would instruct the secretary now to take the list of subscriptions."

A sigh went around the table. This was serious business, the letting go of toil-won money, but nevertheless they would go sturdily through with it. It appeared upon a canvass that Mr. Schmitt and Mr. Jensen and Doctor Feldmeyer and Mr. Wallingford were each prepared immediately to invest five thousand dollars, while Mr. Vogel and Mr. Kessler were each ready to invest two thousand.

"Twenty-four thousand dollars," announced the doctor roundly, whereupon Mr. Wallingford arose.

"Gentlemen," said he, "there is no use to have idle capital. This is more money than we shall need for some time to come, and that is not good business. I therefore propose that the total assessment from any one member at this time be restricted to two thousand dollars. That will allow Mr. Schmitt and Mr. Jensen, Doctor Feldmeyer and myself each to keep three thousand dollars of our money in our savings-banks, building associations and other places where it is drawing good interest, until the company needs it, which may perhaps be a matter of six months. I would like to have a vote upon this proposition."

There could be but one answer to this. Interest! The savings of all these men



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throughout their lives had been increased at three, four and scarcely to exceed five per cent. rates, and they had grown to reverence interest almost more than capital. He was a smart man, this Wallingford, to think of the interest!

Money was already appearing from deep pockets when the crabby little lawyer, as if it gave him pain to volunteer information, wrenched from himself the fact that before any money could be paid in some one must be appointed to receive it. Thereupon, though not a corporate association, they held an election, and, naturally, Mr. Klug was made president. Mr. Wallingford firmly declined the vice-presidency and also the secretaryship. He might even have had the post of treasurer, but he was too modest, also too busy, to hold office. No, he kindly stated, he would be a mere investor, ready to aid them with what little advice and experience he could give them, and ready to back them to any extent if the time should ever arise when their own finances would prove insufficient to carry the Pneumatic Cash Register Company on to the undoubted success which awaited it! Thereupon the treasurership was voted to Jens Jensen, and Emil Kessler proposed that they pay in their respective assessments and adjourn. He had two thousand dollars of Carl Klug's money in his pocket, and it made him a trifle uncomfortable.

"I forbid anybody to leave this room," laughingly announced Mr. Wallingford, and gave a nod to the waiter, who disappeared. "We'll pay in our money, but we have some other very important business."

Doctor Feldmeyer also became jolly, to show that he was in the secret. He drew a fountain-pen and a check-book from his pocket.

"Mr. Wallingford wants us to eat, drink and make merry on the United Cash Register Company of New Jersey," he told them as he wrote.

The joke was thoroughly appreciated. It was a commendable and a holy thing to conspire to get the money of a monopoly away from it, as every newspaper proved to them. In pleasant pursuance of this idea, the United Company was to be brought to its knees in comfort and ease and entire absence of worry, such as was foreshadowed by this luxurious dining-room and by the personal grandeur of Mr. Wallingford; so with the utmost cheerfulness each of these men paid over his subscription. Doctor Feldmeyer was the only man among them who paid by check. The rest was in cash, but the host, busy with his hospitable duties, held back his payment until the waiters brought in a lunch which was a revelation in the way of "cold snacks." It was during this appetite-whetting, gayety-promoting confusion that Mr. Wallingford quietly paid over his five hundred dollars—this, with the fifteen hundred dollars' credit on the coming patent, making his contribution total to two thousand, the same amount as that put in by every other member of the company except Carl Klug. This done, the clever gentleman surreptitiously wiped his brow and sighed a little sigh all to himself. It had taken him three days to figure how to fasten upon Mr. Klug's patent and prospects, with as little money as five hundred dollars!

It was a happy crowd that dispersed an hour later—a crowd upon which Fortune already beamed; but the last of them had scarcely left the room when their princely entertainer telephoned for his own lawyer.

"I want you," said Mr. Wallingford to Mr. Maylie, when he arrived, "to find out all you can for me about the United Cash Register Company of New Jersey. I want to know the outcome of every suit they have brought against infringers of their patents, and the present addresses of the people with whom they fought; also all about the companies they have been forced to buy out. Got that?"

"I'll get it," replied Mr. Maylie confidently, and helped himself to a glass of champagne. He looked longingly at the bottle as he finished his first glass, but as Mr. Wallingford did not invite him to have a second he went out.

VI

THE arrival of Mrs. Wallingford set upon a much higher plane her husband's already well-established reputation as a capitalist of illimitable resources, and had any one of his partners paused to reflect that Mr. Wallingford had secured a twelfth interest in the concern for five hundred dollars, Doctor Feldmeyer's report of the capitalist's charming lady was enough to make that trifling incident forgotten.

To Carl Klug and Jens Jensen at Carl's shop, the doctor, without knowing it, did the missionary work that Wallingford had planned for him to do.

"She is a stunner," he declared, with the faintest suggestion of a smirk, "and carries herself like a queen. She wears a fur coat that cost not less than six or seven hundred dollars, and not a woman in this town has such diamonds. We all went to the theatre last night, and there were more opera-glasses turned on our box than on the stage. I tell you our friend Wallingford has the best there is, in women, as well as in wine, and as for wealth, he could buy and sell us all."

"I believe it," said Jens Jensen. "But why should such a rich man go into a little business?"

"Because," said Doctor Feldmeyer, with profound wisdom, "a rich man never overlooks a thousand per cent. like this. That's why they are rich. Why, this man's daily expenses would keep every one of us. He had fine apartments at the hotel himself, but when his wife came he got the best in the house—four fine, big rooms. Last night after the theatre he took me to his own dining-room, and we had a supper that cost not less than thirty or forty dollars!"

Such gossip would go far to establishing any man's reputation for wealth, especially among such simple-natured people as these, and it was quite certain that Otto Schmitt and Henry Vogel and Emil Kessler would hear every scrap of it. Had Doctor Feldmeyer heard the conversation that took place after he left the Wallingford suite the night before, his report might have been slightly different.

"Well, Jim," Mrs. Wallingford had asked with a trace of anxiety, "what are you doing this time?"

"The United Cash Register Company of New Jersey," he replied with a laugh. "You remember how they turned me down a long time ago when I tried to sell them a patent?" She nodded. "You made me go right to them and try what you called 'straight business,' and I got what was coming to a mollycoddle. I'm going to sell them a patent this time, but in the right way, and for a good, big, round chunk."

"Whose patent?" she inquired.

"What's the difference?" he queried in turn. "It serves him right for being an inventor," and he laughed again.

She did not laugh with him, however. She sat in frowning disquiet, and he watched her curiously.

"What's the matter with you?" he presently complained. "It used to be enough for you that I could not be jailed for having a few dollars."

"We're nearly middle-aged, Jim," she replied, turning to him soberly. "What will we be like when we are old?"

"Cheer up, Fannie, and I will tell you the worst!" he declaimed. "You'll be gray and I'll be bald!"

She was compelled to laugh herself, and gave up the idea of serious conversation with him, for that time at least.

Doctor Feldmeyer, encouraged by Wallingford, became an unofficial attaché of the family in the following weeks. Vain, susceptible, and considering himself very much of a ladies' man, he exerted himself to be agreeable, and J. Rufus helped him to opportunities. If he had any ulterior purpose in this he did not confide it to his wife, or even let her suspect it. It would not have been safe.

In the mean time the affairs of the Pneumatic Cash Register Company moved speedily onward. One entire end of his shop Carl Klug devoted to its affairs, putting in special machinery and hiring as many men as he could use, and here Mr. Wallingford reported every day, his suggestions being nearly always sound and inspiring Mr. Klug's respect. He held his standing with the rest of them in a different way. When they called at the shop they found Wallingford's cab always standing outside, and it was soon noised about that this cab was hired by the day! "Blackie" Daw, levying his dubious contributions on a gullible public, was paying for this and wiping out his debt.

But little more than two months had elapsed when Carl had his first lot of registers ready for the market, and the treasury was depleted. Now it became necessary to have money for marketing, and that meant the remaining three thousand dollars of J. Rufus Wallingford's subscription or an evasion of it. Prepared for this, he took the floor as soon as the matter was mentioned at the meeting which was called to levy this assessment.

"What is the use?" he demanded to know. "Why use our own money? I understand that Mr. Schmitt must get his three thousand from the building loan association, to which he must pay six per cent. I understand that Mr. Jensen has his now out at five per cent. Let me show you how to finance this concern. I will put in ten thousand at once, and take the company's note. This note I can then discount, and put the money right back into my business, and in that way my ten thousand dollars is doing twenty thousand dollars' worth of work—the bank carrying the burden of both operations."

It was a financial argument entirely new to these men, unused to tricks of money manipulation, and it took them some little time to grasp it. When they did, however, they were as pleased as a boy with his first watch, and Wallingford was a dazzling hero, as, with a nonchalant air, though glancing at the clock to make sure that it was after banking hours, he wrote them a check on "his bank in Boston" for ten thousand, and took their note, signed by the Pneumatic Cash Register Company and indorsed jointly by all its members.

That night Wallingford drove up in hot haste to Jens Jensen's house.

"Let me see that check I gave you this afternoon," he demanded, with an air of suspecting a good joke on himself. Jens, wondering, produced it from a little tin box. "That's what I thought," said Wallingford, as he glanced at it. Then, smiling, he handed it back. "I have made it out on the Fifth National of Boston. They'd probably honor it, but it's the wrong bank. I have a balance there, but am not sure that it is sufficient to cover this check. Just hold that, and I'll wire them in the morning. If my balance isn't large enough I'll give you a check on the First, with which I do most of my business."

"Sure," said Jens, and put back into the tin box the worthless paper which called for ten thousand dollars.

The next morning Wallingford called at one of the local banks and had no difficulty whatever in discounting the quite acceptable note. He gained a full day by forwarding the proceeds, special delivery, to the Fifth National Bank of Boston, where his balance at that moment was considerably less than a hundred dollars; then he told Jensen to deposit the check: that his balance in the Fifth National was all right.

It was financial jugglery of a shrewd order, and the juggler prided himself upon it. He was not yet through, however. Having loaned the company ten thousand dollars of its own money at six per cent. interest, he was now confronted by the necessity of securing money for his own enormous personal expenses. For replenishment, however, he had long planned, and now he went to his new source of income—Doctor Feldmeyer. The time was ripe, for, though Mrs. Wallingford had given him no more encouragement than the ordinary courteous graciousness which is so often misinterpreted by male coquettes, the doctor was aflame with foolish imaginings, and, within the past week or so, had felt guilty upon every meeting with Mr. Wallingford, betraying it as Wallingford had planned that he should, growing nervous at a sharp glance, a sudden movement, an obscure remark. He was as uncomfortable as guilty conscience ever made a coward, and when the big man, on the plea of sudden business and personal needs, went to him almost peremptorily for a loan of rather staggering proportions, the doctor was an easy victim.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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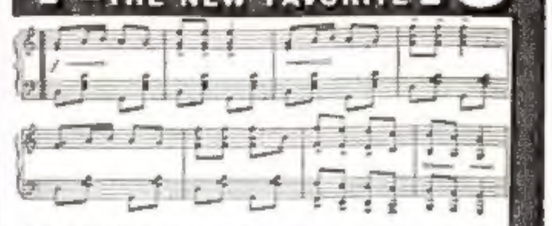
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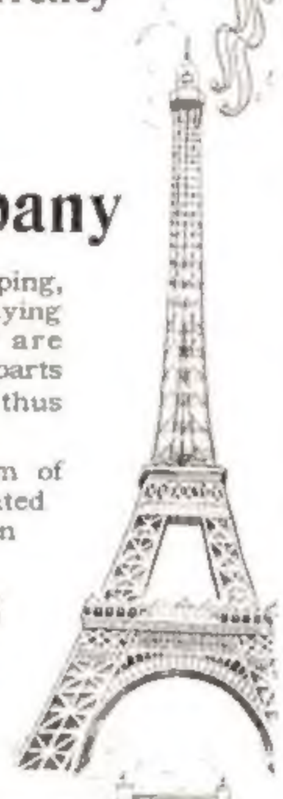

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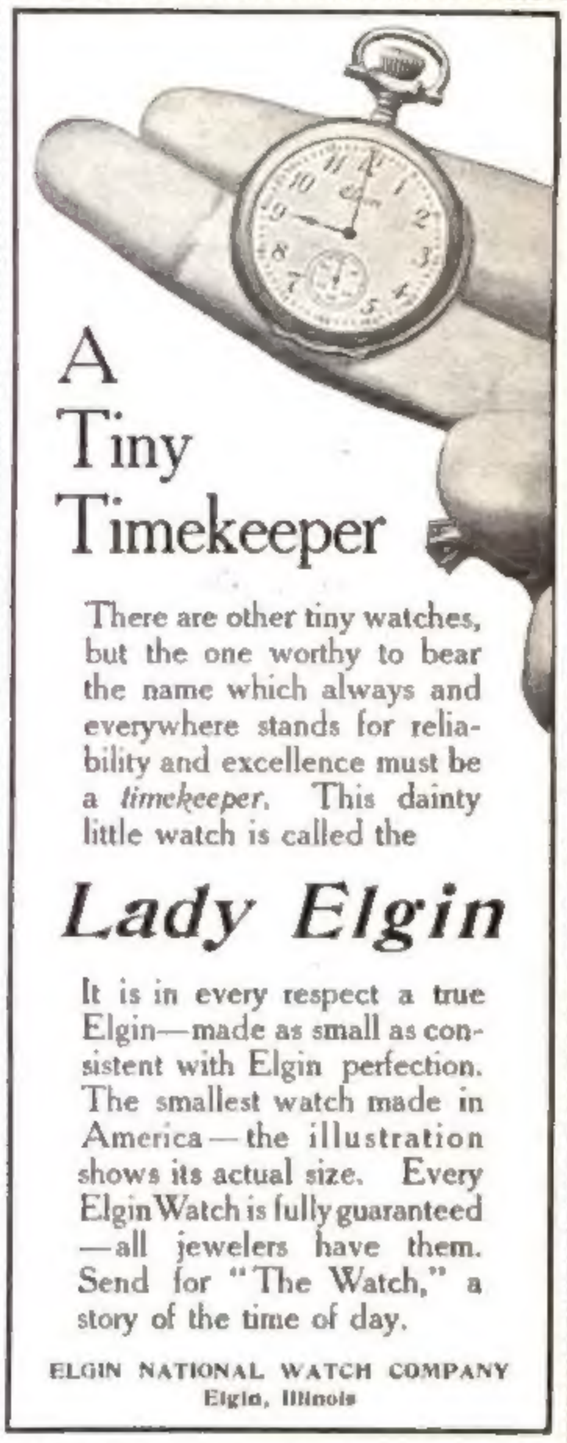

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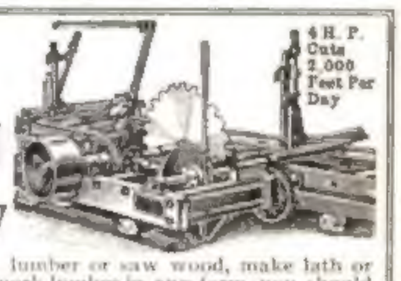

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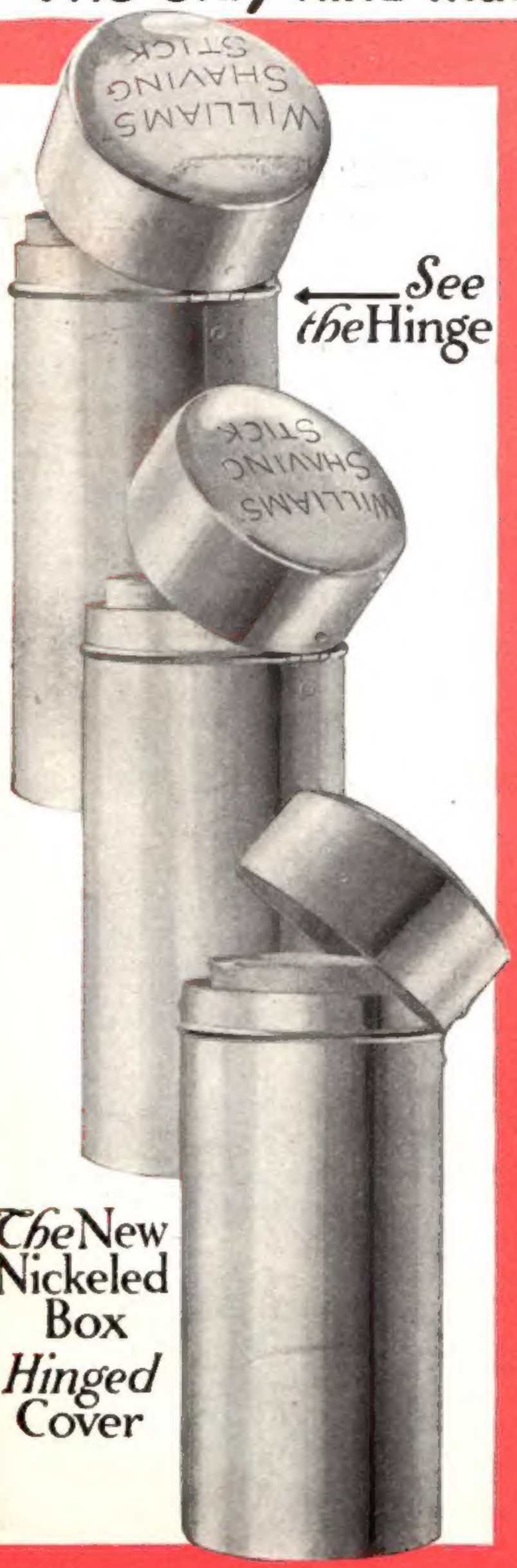

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